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A MISSIONARY LIFE:
STEPHEN GRELLET.

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STEPHEN GRELLET.

BY

FRANCES ANNE BUDGE.

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PART I.

**“ Keep but the model safe,
New men shall rise to study it.”**

A MISSIONARY LIFE.

STEPHEN GRELLET.

“I saw the emptiness and arrogance of Cain’s reply to the Almighty, ‘Am I my brother’s keeper?’”—STEPHEN GRELLET.

A Missionary ! Home or Foreign ? Both. The world was his parish, any part of it to which God bade him go.

In the summer of 1798, the city of Philadelphia wore a strange and solemn air. The streets so lately crowded were almost deserted. The awful plague of yellow fever raged. Many had fled for their lives, leaving their sick to the care of hired nurses. The bodies of the dead were carried to the grave with no convoy but that of hearse and driver. The Meetings of Friends were almost the only places of public worship kept unclosed. A member of that Society, a young Frenchman, who had been in Philadelphia for more than three years, whilst away on a religious mission, had heard of the panic there, and with his soul burdened on behalf of its inhabitants, resolved to return. Heedless of the entreaties of his friends, he might have seemed, for he could not tell them how sure had been his call thither.

One day when sitting alone, with his "mind retired before the Lord," he had been suddenly seized with violent pain, his mind meanwhile continuing perfectly calm in the presence of his God, whose word to him seemed to be:—"This is the manner in which those who are seized with the yellow fever are affected. Thou must return to the city, and attend on the sick, and thus also shall the disease take hold of thee." "My spirit," Stephen Grellet says, "bowed in prostration before the Lord, and said, 'Thy will be done.' Then I felt again free from pain."

Arrived in Philadelphia, he went to the house which he had made his home, but finding it shut up he had to obtain the key before he could take up his lonely quarters there. Pressing invitations from his friends were refused, because of his conviction that the fever would attack himself. He now spent his time in visiting the dying, and in helping to bury the dead. Some sufferers joyfully departed to be with Christ, others threw their arms around him, as if to keep hold of life, crying out, "I cannot die; I am not fit to die."

One night as he lay down in his solitary home, his "spirit being gathered in the Lord's presence," he was seized with pain as when in New Jersey, and to his heart came the words, "This is what I told thee thou must prepare for." Meanwhile his soul was so swallowed up in the love of God that he was perfectly contended with His will. Ere it became impossible he unlocked the house door, and in the morning a friend who had shared his labours came, and soon

fetcher doctor and nurse. So low did the fever bring him that a coffin was ordered, and in the daily list of deaths "A French Quaker" was set down.

He writes, "Whilst I had turned myself on my side to breathe my last, my spirit feeling already as encircled by the angelic host in the heavenly presence, a secret but powerful language was proclaimed in this wise: 'Thou shalt not die, but live; thy work is not yet done.' Then the corners of the earth, over seas and lands, were opened to me where I should have to labour in the service of the Gospel of Christ. O what amazement I was filled with! . . . sorrow took hold of me at the words, for it seemed as if I had already a foothold in the heavenly places. I wept sore, but as it was the Divine will I bowed in reverence before Him. . . . I saw and felt what cannot be written."

Not long afterwards at a meeting for worship, at which Stephen Grellet was present, a minister mentioned him by name, and said that the Lord had raised him up to be His messenger to the isles and nations afar off, to the east and west, the north and south. This confirmed to Stephen Grellet the word of the Lord hidden in his heart.

Etienne de Grellet du Mabellier (Stephen Grellet) was born in France, in the city of Limoges, on November 2nd, 1773. His father, Gabriel de Grellet, ranked high amongst the nobility of that district, and resided during little Etienne's childhood on the patrimonial estate of Du Mabellier. He was a Roman Catholic, and the early education of his children was conducted by tutors who lived in the house.

One day, when Etienne was about five or six years old, a long Latin lesson was inconsiderately set him, which seemed quite beyond his powers. Perhaps almost despairing of learning it, and with childhood's overwhelming sense of helplessness when in solitary trouble, as his eye rested on the beauties of the landscape beneath the window of his chamber, he remembered Who was the Creator of them all. Then came the thought, "Cannot the same God give the memory also?" Kneeling at the foot of his bed he put up an earnest prayer, which received an immediate answer, and from that hour he was able to learn more easily.

Although he had received but little religious teaching, he could say the Lord's Prayer. "O, how was my heart contrited," he exclaims, "whilst uttering the words, 'Our Father Who art in heaven!'" Even in old age he looked back with grateful emotion on hallowed and happy hours, when he sought out quiet places in his home, where on his knees, with falling tears, he poured out his childish heart in prayer. But there was no heaven-guided, earthly hand outstretched to help the little pilgrim to tread the upward way. "I had none to instruct me, none to whom I thought of unfolding my heart; and soon these holy thoughts and feelings passed away." Yet when at an early age he received confirmation according to the rites of the Romish Church, his sorrow was great at finding that he had still an unchanged heart and strong propensities to evil. "I learned," he says, "that neither priests nor bishops could do the work for me."

Later, when at the college of the Oratorians at Lyons,

in the midst of his vigorous application to study, he was again "favoured with the Lord's gracious visitation" to his soul. A "*religious opening*" he had at this time deeply fixed itself in his mind, and helped to bear up his spirit in many future trials. "I thought I saw a large company of persons, or rather purified spirits, on one of those floating vessels which they have at Lyons, on the Rhone, occupied by washerwomen. They were washing linen. I wondered to see what beating and pounding there was upon it, but how beautifully white it came out of their hands. I was told I could not enter God's kingdom until I underwent such an operation,—that unless I was thus washed and made white I could have no part in the dear Son of God. For weeks I was absorbed in the consideration of the subject, the washing of regeneration. I had never heard of such things before, and I greatly wondered, that having been baptized with water, and having also received what they call the sacrament of confirmation, I should have to pass through such a purification. For I had never read or heard anyone speak of such a baptism." He left college with a sense of nearness to the Lord, but yielding himself to frivolous pleasures, his religious convictions were soon lost. Neither did he find the happiness he sought.

When the storm of the great Revolution burst over the land, Etienne, then about the age of eighteen, with some of his brothers, joined the Royalist Army, and many narrow escapes were encountered in Germany. He writes, "I shudder when I remember the state of insensibility I was in. I was not the least moved

when surrounded by soldiers, who lavished their abuses upon us, and threatened to hang me to the lamp-post. I coolly stood by, my hands in my pockets, being provided with three pairs of pistols, two of which were double-barrelled. I concluded to wait to see what they would do, and resolved after destroying as many of them as I could, to take my own life with the last. No thought of eternity was then before me, no sense or remembrance that there is a God." He tells us how everything about him, and the very nature of the work he was engaged in, was "highly calculated to destroy every fibre remaining of those tender impressions I had heretofore received. But my gracious Lord did not wholly forsake me. I was preserved from those gross evils that are too generally attendant on an army. But O! the height of my infatuation. I attributed my preservation to my own reasoning powers."

When in the summer of 1792 the army entered France, Stephen Grellet was in the King's Horse Guards, which chiefly consisted of the nobility. He was present at several engagements, but being in a reserve corps was kept from shedding blood. As prisoners of war, his brother and he were ordered to be shot; but when every moment expecting death, a sudden tumult gave them an opportunity of escape.

Stephen Grellet, for we must now use the English name of his adoption, after spending two years in Demerara, went with his brother Joseph to the United States, and settled for the summer at Newtown, Long Island. Here they became acquainted with a Colonel Corsa, and often visited his house. One day when

William Penn was the subject of conversation, the Colonel's daughter having remarked that she had his works, Stephen Grellet, although a disciple of Voltaire, asked the loan of the large folio, supposing it would treat of politics and kindred subjects. But when with the aid of a dictionary he saw on what William Penn wrote, the book was quickly laid aside.

At the age of twenty-two Stephen Grellet was again the subject of a powerful visitation of the Holy Spirit. "One evening, as I was walking in the fields alone, my mind being under no kind of religious concern, nor in the least excited by anything I had heard or thought of, I was suddenly arrested by what seemed to be an awful voice, proclaiming the words: Eternity! Eternity! Eternity! It reached my soul; my whole man shook; it brought me like Saul to the ground. The great depravity and sinfulness of my heart were set open before me. . . . I was made bitterly to cry out, "If there is no God, doubtless there is a hell! I found myself in the midst of it. . . . I remained almost whole days and nights exercised in prayer, that the Lord would have mercy upon me, expecting that He would give me some evidence that He heard my supplication. But for this I was looking for some outward manifestation, my expectation being entirely of that nature. I now took up again the works of William Penn, and opened upon—'No Cross; No Crown.' The title alone reached to my heart. I proceeded to read it with the help of a dictionary, having to look for the meaning of nearly every word. I read it twice through in this manner. I had never

met with anything of the kind ; neither had I felt the Divine witness in me operating so powerfully before." He now began to read the inspired records of the Bible of which he knew but little, spending much time alone, and in silent waiting upon God.

When he was one day at Colonel Corsa's he heard that a meeting for Divine worship was to be held at the Friends' Meeting House, at the request of two English ladies, who were on a religious visit to America. To this meeting he went in company with his brother. The mere sight of the Friends brought solemn feelings over him, but it was not their ministry that reached his heart. The early part of the meeting was held in silence, which was wearisome to his brother, who repeatedly whispered, "Let us go away." "But," writes Stephen Grellet, "I felt the Lord's power in such a manner, that my inner man was prostrated before my blessed Redeemer. A secret joy filled me, in that I had found Him after whom my soul had longed. I was as one nailed to my seat, . . . so gathered in the temple of my heart before God that I was wholly absorbed with what was passing there. Thus had the Lord opened my heart to seek Him where He is to be found."

The young French brothers met the English Friends that day at Colonel Corsa's. After dinner there was "a religious opportunity." Stephen, with his imperfect knowledge of English, could hardly understand a word that was said, until Deborah Darby addressed his brother and himself; and then it seemed as if the Lord opened his outward ear as well as his heart.

"She seemed like one reading the pages of my heart," he says; "with clearness describing how it had been, and how it was with me. . . . No strength to withstand the Divine visitation was left in me. . . . I was like one introduced into a new world. The creation and all things around me bore a different aspect; my heart glowed with love to all." He soon felt it to be his duty to attend the meetings of Friends; but knowing that such a course might bring reproach and shame, he did not. Then a strong sense of the sinfulness of disobedience was followed by distress of mind. When the day for the next meeting came round he set out to attend it; but ashamed of being seen by any acquaintance, he went to the Meeting House, across fields and over fences. He found closed doors, however, as the meeting was to be held elsewhere. He sat down in a quiet nook, convicted of the sin of unwillingness to confess Christ before man; and not in vain. Henceforth he was by the grace of God to be a *doer* of the Truth.

He had no human helper to look to, and he says it was his "single concern to *feel after the influences of the Holy Spirit*." He compares his heart to ground covered with thorns and briars, and even with sturdy oaks, and tall cedars; and says there was much against which the axe of God's power had to be lifted up, to make room for the heavenly life to grow. As wave follows wave, so did the exercises of his soul; but through all the "Lord's unspeakable love" was extended towards him. His brother joined others in censuring him; but one Sunday morning, when Stephen's prayers had silently ascended on his behalf,

Joseph offered to go with him to the Friends' meeting, and a memorable day it was to both, although no words were spoken in it. "Very soon after sitting down, great was the reverence and awfulness that came before me," Stephen Grellet says. Then such a view of his past life was brought before him that he was ready to cry "Woe is me, for I am undone!" The nearer he drew to Him, "who dwelleth in the light," the more clearly he saw his sinfulness. But this sorrow was followed by heavenly joy, when it was revealed to him that Christ was able to save him. "I saw Him to be the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world; who was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification; who is our propitiatory sacrifice, our Advocate with the Father, our Intercessor with God. I felt faith in His atoning blood, quickening my soul, giving me to believe that it was He who could wash me from my many pollutions, and deliver me from death and destruction." Then the secret pleading of his soul was answered with the language, "Thy sins are forgiven; thine iniquities are pardoned;" and his full heart found relief in many tears. Encircled by his Lord's presence, he was quite unconscious of what went on around him. When at length his brother spoke to him, he saw that the meeting was over, and the congregation dispersed, so that they two were alone. Great was his rejoicing when he found that his brother had shared in the heavenly visitation.

Stephen Grellet had been much forgiven, and henceforth he was to love much; with a love loyal and true,

which delighted in self-sacrificing allegiance to his Saviour's will. And if at times the sacrifice were hard to flesh and blood, it drew him nearer and still more near to God himself. With whole-hearted sincerity he came to the light of the Holy Spirit, that his deeds might be made manifest that they were wrought in God; and applied the broad principles of truth to the lesser things of daily life. Thus, for instance, in that time of general scarcity, he laid aside the fashionable habit of wearing costly hair-powder, believing also that such a fashion had its ground in pride. The word consecration was not on his lips, but it pervaded his life, and strength from above was given him to face the frowns of the world, as represented in the little circle around him, and, what must have been harder still to bear, its ridicule. Yet through some such training, now as then, would souls wax valiant in fight.

It soon became needful for the young Grellets to engage in business. Letters from France tell them of their parents' desire that they should remain in America, and bring such tidings of constant jeopardy and pitiful need, that the young men forward to them the few hundred dollars still their own.

The conviction that he was being called to the public ministry of the Gospel much exercised Stephen Grellet's mind although, seeking for heavenly guidance, he clearly saw that the time for this had not yet come. Many offers were made to him of entering into extensive lines of commerce. With a single eye he sought to know the Master's will, and then did not feel it right to accept any one of them. "I saw that if I did, the

sense of life in me that was very tender might easily be destroyed." In the presence of the Lord, with something of the light of eternity falling on the upward path of faithfulness which, by the grace of God, he had made his own, he could weigh the relative value of the things belonging to this earthly life, and those which appertain to life eternal,—and made his choice, "esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt."

The occupation on which he entered was that of teaching his native language, a profession which was not congenial to him. He undertook it from no ascetic motive of doing the thing he fain would not do, but from the loyal, all-absorbing aim of doing the thing that ought to be done. Nevertheless, he at first feared whether he could thus earn enough to maintain himself. But one day, when his "mind was gathered in reverent silence before the Lord," the promise was given him, "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all things needful shall be added." Scrupulously attentive to his school, and closely engaged with it, in the intermediate hours no care about it rested on his mind. "The one thing needful only absorbed me whilst walking in the streets or sitting in the house. I speak it with care, yet the remembrance of those days can but deeply humble me with gratitude, seeing how the Lord kept me close to Himself. A sense of His presence was so continually upon me that, not only my words, but my thoughts also, were narrowly watched. . . . My mind was at seasons so taken up with a sense of the Lord's love, that it seemed as if I could

have continued days and nights swallowed up in it. . . . I saw the emptiness and arrogance of Cain's reply to the Almighty, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' The whole of God's creation, especially His rational one, was brought very near me. O! what is not the power of Divine and redeeming love able to do! What a thorough change it produces. My transgressions had been great. . . . Deep, therefore, were the baptisms necessary to bring me out of my fallen state, to that holy mountain where none hurt or destroy."

Stephen Grellet was still feeling himself "altogether a child that was only beginning to breathe the breath of life," and not a year had passed since that never-to-be-forgotten evening when, under the awakening power of God, like the apostle of old, he had fallen to the ground; and yet his mind was deeply exercised by the continued belief that the Lord was calling him publicly to testify of His mercy and wondrous works. Of English his knowledge was still far from perfect; but, he writes, "as a father answereth his child, so the Lord condescended to answer all my pleadings and excuses, to give me also a sense of the source from which all strength, power, and ability flow. He showed me how He is mouth, wisdom, and utterance to His true and faithful ministers; that it is from Him alone that they are to receive the subject they are to communicate to the people, and also the *when* and the *how*. . . . The mere touching upon these things may suffice to bring some of my fellow-servants to consider the Lord's gracious dealings with them. My desire for them is,

they may come to the state of a child—the weaned child, that they may come to Christ and learn of Him. . . . Great was the Lord's condescension in instructing me, and deep were the impressions made on my mind in attending to the immediate teaching of the Holy Spirit."

And now, in one meeting after another, Stephen Grellet felt a pressure on his spirit to arise and utter a few words; but a deep sense of the solemnity of such an engagement hindered him, until a sense of the Lord's displeasure brought him into distress. Yet his unfaithfulness had not arisen from a dread of taking up the cross; so great was his love for his Master that "no sacrifice nor suffering would then have been thought too much." But he could not believe that he was fit for the service. He saw now that the error into which he had fallen was that of doubting what was the will of God for him after he had received repeated evidences of it. It was early in 1796, in a mid-week meeting, that Stephen Grellet first spoke as a minister, and for some days after his peace flowed as a river. In the following autumn, at the age of twenty-three, he was united in membership with the Society of Friends.

Tidings from France of the continued horrors of the Revolution, and of his imprisoned parents' danger of a cruel death, were soon to wring his heart. He knew, too, that his father's persecutors were those who had professed to be his intimate friends, or those to whom Gabriel Grellet had rendered much service. How did Stephen Grellet feel towards these men? Would it

not have been easier to forgive any who might have wronged himself? In all likelihood it would. But the heaven-inspired aim of his life was to "walk in the Light;" not regarding these words as a beautiful figure of speech, but as setting forth the actual element of that kingdom of God into which He who is the Light of the World would lead His whole-hearted followers here and now. To that Light Stephen Grellet loved to bring his deeds and words and thoughts with simple straightforwardness and blessed results. "My prayers were put up for the persecutors, and through adorable mercy I found that, though I abhorred the spirit that influenced them, I could pray for them, and desire their salvation as my own." Then follows the admission that, being afraid of himself, and aware that "the adversary was very near to strike at this Christian temper," he found it essential to be doubly watchful of his words, not to talk of what was going on in France, and of his thoughts, that they might "flow from the divine spirit of love." Well has it been said, that "a forgiving spirit is a citadel that Satan finds it hard to enter." And as we ponder the words of this young soldier of the cross, let us remember the charge of the aged apostle: "I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one."

Whilst the fate of his beloved father and mother was still a matter of suspense, he found comfort in prayer on their behalf; and neither they nor any other of his near relatives suffered a violent death, although

again and again his parents were on the point of being taken to the guillotine.

When in later years, looking back on the Lord's gracious dealings with him at this period of his life, his heart was "contrited" at the remembrance of them. "He, *indeed*, led me about and instructed me, and brought me so under His discipline, that in those days He was felt to be the life of my soul, and the spring of my thoughts. . . . My enquiry was not so much whether I had retired from the world to wait upon the Lord, or whether I had retired from God's presence to harbour worldly thoughts. These were days of close discipline, days of deep trial, but days of great joy also, in which the Lord had so warmed my heart that my spirit was absorbed in the love and the things of God. . . . Yet I underwent many temptations; for when the adversary could not lift me up, he sought to cast me down. The Lord through all was my helper. Thou fellow-pilgrim, that mayest be led into the trackless deep as I have been, . . . receive the testimony of one who has trodden the path before thee, and suffer it to act upon thee as an encouragement to keep the word of the Lord's patience amidst all His dispensations. . . . The lower He has brought me, the more He has given ability to bring out of the deep bright memorials." Stephen Grellet then alludes to some "peculiar straits," into which he was for a time led; and encourages his friends to faithfulness to all the Lord's requirings, remembering that it is by obedience to Him in little things, that we shall be made rulers over more.

To Stephen Grellet, "Here am I!" was an intense reality. It meant:—Here am I, with self laid low, placing my will in Thy hands, waiting to serve Thee, the Lord of Hosts, when, and where, and as Thou wilt. "Here am I; send me!" And soon he was bidden to take some steps out into the great harvest field, taking care to have the unity of the ministers and elders of the meeting of which he was a member. His service lay amongst the poorer class of people on the shore of New Jersey and some other places; and he says that he entered on it "in much lowness of spirit, keeping close to my heavenly Guide. He so condescended to me that on coming into a family, a feeling of divine love clothing me, I was enabled to communicate my concern for them, so as in many instances to reach the witness for truth in their hearts."

It was in the spring of the following year that he was duly recorded as a minister, and earnest were his secret prayers that his life might accord with his calling as an ambassador for God. He writes: "In those days my mind dwelt much in the nature of the hope of redemption through Jesus Christ. I felt the efficacy of that grace by which we are saved through faith in Christ and His atoning blood, . . . and the excellency of the blessed gifts which in consequence . . . are offered to the believer in His name, especially that of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. . . . I felt that the best testimony I could bear to the efficacy of the Redeemer's love, was to evince by my life what He had actually done for me." It was after another absence in the service of the Gospel that, as we have already seen,

he was brought to death's door when stricken by yellow fever.

For more than three years Stephen Grellet resided in Philadelphia, and greatly valued gospel fellowship with many to whom he felt bound by even closer ties than those of earthly kinship. That meeting then had sixteen recorded ministers, and nearly as large a number of young people took an acceptable vocal part in the meetings, which were almost of daily occurrence. It is no matter of surprise that it should be a trial to him to remove to New York to join his brother, who was now engaged in business in that city; and he only took this step after much seeking for heavenly guidance. He was not, however, long able to give close attention to business. His heart went out in Gospel love to the people, and he believed the Lord was about to send him forth as His messenger; but for a while his perplexity was great, because it was not plainly shown him whither he should go.

Ere long he heard that John Hall, a minister from England, was coming on a religious visit to the United States; and then he was strongly impressed with the belief that it would be right to join him in his service. When they met as strangers John Hall drew him aside, and with solemnity told him that he was the "identical person" that, whilst out on the ocean, he had with the eye of faith seen was to be his companion in Gospel labour. For this fresh mission Stephen Grellet, who was now twenty-six, received most helpful encouragement from many who had been to him as fathers and mothers in the truth.

After varied service, including "large and precious meetings" amongst the slaves, the ministers reached North Carolina. One day when Stephen Grellet was out alone in the pine woods, with his mind "inwardly retired before the Lord," he was comforted in "a humbling, memorable manner. . . . He clothed me with the garment of praise instead of the spirit of heaviness, and He strengthened me to offer up myself again freely to Him and to His service for my whole life." Surely," said I, "every labour, every trial, yea the bitterness and the gall . . . are but a trifle compared to the joys felt in the Lord's presence, and the grateful sense of His salvation. Walk, O my soul, in the path which thy blessed Master has trodden before thee, and has consecrated for thee! Be also willing to die to thyself, that thou mayest live through faith in Him."

At a late hour one cold evening, the travellers arrived at the house of an "aged, faithful friend," living at Rocky River, who said he would take charge of the arrangements for the meeting they wished to have at that place on the following day. Until they retired to rest he sat up with his visitors, who, on the following morning, as they walked through the thick woods, wondering at the crowd of people who were also wending their way to the meeting, until they learnt that their host had been riding about all through the night and early morning to give notice of it. A solemn, good meeting was held. How could it have been otherwise.

Many dangers were encountered during this journey.

Deep rivers had often to be forded, and at night large fires kept up as a protection from panthers, bears, and wolves. So numerous were the wolves that it seemed as if a hundred of them might be howling at once ; but the rattlesnakes were more formidable enemies. Provisions had to be so carefully husbanded that one day Stephen Grellet made two small, dry cakes his allowance, and the horses ate young twigs and leaves. In reference to difficulties of another nature, he remarks that he could only find peace in delivering the whole counsel of God. He also underwent deep baptisms of spirit, which he earnestly longed might be blessed to the purifying of his soul, and fitting him to comfort others with the comfort wherewith he himself was comforted of God, after deep suffering from what he terms "the workings and subtlety of the spirit of unbelief. For ever and ever, blessed be the Lord, who, after days and nights of fiery conflict, was pleased to lift up again the light of His countenance upon me, and at the brightness thereof darkness fled apace. Oh, never have I beheld the excellency of the Gospel of Christ with more astonishing beauty than I did then. The same light which gave me to see the transforming power of Satan and his temptations, showed me also the Lord of Glory, even Him who has been delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification : who is the Way, the Truth and the Life, without whom none can come to the Father."

When returned from this journey, during which he had travelled about 5000 miles, he diligently employed himself in business ; and in this also, keep-

ing his eye single to the Lord, he was kept from corroding care, and encouraged by the remembrance that the kingdom of God being first sought, all things needful will be added. Various large and lucrative openings in business were brought under his notice, but he felt himself restrained from entering into anything which would need his close attention for more than a short time. Ere long he set forth with his English friend, John Hall, for a visit to the Eastern and some parts of the Northern States. After a good deal of service in the island of Nantucket, John Hall felt at liberty to leave the place; and, as a packet was to sail for New Bedford, he proposed that they should embrace that opportunity for leaving. Stephen Grellet's mind was still burdened in reference to the people of the island; but, feeling depressed and unwilling to open his heart to his companion, he hoped that he might be excused from further service there. The vessel set sail with a good wind, but as Stephen Grellet left the island behind him, he felt that the Lord had need of him there. In his distress he cried unto the God of Jonah, and besought Him to open a way for his return. Then his mind "was brought into solemn waiting before Him, to see what He would do for His Name's sake." Soon the wind changed and blew violently. The captain said that safety could only be secured by going back to port. Whilst the other passengers were dismayed as the vessel tossed to and fro on the wild waves, to Stephen Grellet the storm was over, for his mind was now in "much serenity prostrated before the Lord," in wondering and adoring

gratitude, at the opportunity thus given for the fulfilment of His will.

Once more at home, Stephen Grellet, although closely engaged in business, it need hardly be said, was diligent in the attendance of religious meetings. "The Lord was very good to me," he says; "He helped me to get through my daily cares; and under a sense of His help, and the consolation of His presence, my soul had often a sweet song of praise and gratitude to Him."

At the age of thirty Stephen Grellet married a Friend, named Rebecca Collins. This union "in the Lord" could not hinder his service for Him; and not many months later, committing his beloved wife to the Lord's care, Stephen Grellet set forth on a visit to the States of New Vermont and some parts of Canada. He writes: "Few understand the nature of silent worship. This is probably one of the reasons why with many the word preached profits so little." Here he realized the answer to his prayer, that he might be guided aright through the trackless woods, where progress was oftentimes thwarted by the fall of trees across the Indian paths, by deep mud, and deeper streams. In reference to the meetings he says: "O, the melting of hearts under the contriving power of truth that was witnessed in some of those seasons! It was the Lord's doing; well may we say it is marvellous in our eyes." In order for him to reach Grand Isle it was needful to lash two canoes together, the horse's fore-legs being in one of them and his hind legs in the other, whilst a freshly-blowing wind added to the danger

of the passage. It was almost a time of famine in the island.

Scarcely had six months been spent in the endearments of home ere Stephen Grellet found that the Master was bidding him go forth on a mission to Friends and others in Pennsylvania. With this fresh service before him he writes: "O, Lord! the service of a minister of Jesus Christ—how solemn! Their sufficiency is in Thee alone! Thou alone art their help and their strength!" The parting from his wife was solemn and very touching. Soon we find him writing of heaviness of heart as he went from meeting to meeting, for he found "the love of the world like a canker, destroying every greenness. . . . I have been very sensible during these weeks past, that the low state in which I find our Society, meeting after meeting, is owing to their having departed from that retiredness of spirit and lowliness of mind which characterized our former Friends and the primitive Christians. Nevertheless the Lord has a precious remnant preserved in almost every place, to whom I feel nearly united. Through many baptisms He has brought them and preserved them; and I have faith to believe that, though this people may be chastened to purify them, they will not be forsaken. And from among the children, yea from generations yet unborn, will arise such as will magnify the name of the Lord, their Redeemer. . . . At some of these meetings I have been enlarged in the 'Gospel of Christ in a manner very humbling and memorable to myself, and to the contriting of the hearts of many present. . . . Keeping a single eye to the putting forth of

the Divine Spirit, the way frequently opens for private service."

Daily meetings, hard travelling, warm weather, and bad water, soon told so much on his health that one day he found the prospect of two meetings very depressing. He left his bed in time to go to that appointed for the forenoon, and was appalled when he saw how large a number of people had assembled. But with his soul prostrated before the Lord, he received the quickenings of His power, and was enabled to preach as His ambassador, whilst many hearts were "baptized and contrited under the power then felt."

About a fortnight later, when looking forward to two meetings, ill, and with strength much reduced by bodily suffering and mental exercise, he strove to keep in a state of submission. The consciousness that he was, "in simplicity of heart, endeavouring to follow his blessed Master's putting-forth," sustained him. With his heart thus stayed on the Lord he went to the meeting. "His divine presence," he says, "came upon me, and in it I found healing virtue. May all those present remember that season of favour."

In allusion to a meeting chiefly attended by Methodists he remarks, "There is a precious seed among that people; but O! the need of more stillness, so as to learn from Christ the sure Teacher." Whilst sitting in a meeting at Potts Grove, he felt that it would be right to speak of Gospel ministry, and to set forth "the propriety of our being found in a solemn, silent waiting before God, that He may prepare our hearts, instruct and enable us by His Spirit, to serve, honour, and

worship Him." Yet, although these subjects seemed the message given him, to his own judgment, as he looked at the congregation, it was not an appropriate one. He learnt afterwards that a clergyman was present who had previously spoken very freely against Friends.

In the silence of that same meeting the duty was set before Stephen Grellet of returning home with all speed. It almost seemed as if he were already following some of his near relatives to the grave. Although it was a trial to set aside the prospect of a few more meetings in that neighbourhood, he believed that He Who had put him forth in His service now called him back, and his soul bowed before Him in silent adoration. In the afternoon of that day he started on his homeward journey, soon to be met by the tidings that his mother-in-law had died of the yellow fever, and that his wife was very ill of the same epidemic. On the evening of her husband's arrival, when his return was wholly unlooked for by others, she spoke of it to her sister, who thought that her head was effected by the fever. But she said, "It is a reality! I see him near!" The illness lasted for several months, and repeatedly her life hung in the balance.

In our next chapter we hope to trace Stephen Grellet's steps in other lands. But had the Lord seen good to limit his labours to a narrow boundary, we may well believe that he would have been in the true sense of the words, a missionary still; receiving his commission from "Supreme Authority;" seeking, with self laid low,—

“How to accomplish best
His end of being on earth and mission high.”

We have seen how the path of service, which with willing steps he trod, led him not only “beside the still waters,” but also at times through a baptism of suffering. But, to quote the words of the late William Allinson: “Let not the Christian novice be discouraged with evil deductions respecting the King’s service, if those who are high in His favour and very near the Kingdom should bear about in their body the dying of the Lord Jesus. The Christian is the happiest of mortals, yet it is not for earthly happiness he runs the race and endures the Cross. The goal is beyond the things that are seen, and the promised Kingdom is not of this world.” Yet whilst, as the same writer says, “There is a joy too solemn to impart the external signs of cheerfulness,” it is interesting to note in Dr. Steinkopff’s description of Stephen Grellet, the remark: “This gentleman has all the vivacity of a Frenchman, with the solidity of the English.”

PART II.

If we desire a declaration of the faith which imparts a living power to the devoted servant of the Lord; if we wish to see the spiritual life of Quakerism in action, it will be found in the life-work of that true minister of Christ, Stephen Grellet. Would that we had more such examples of that close walk with God, which enables the Christian believer to hear the Father's voice in the secret of the soul, so that his daily life is lived under the immediate and sensible guidance of the Holy Spirit, and his ministry partakes of that spiritual insight in which the mind of God is so clearly seen as to amount to a revelation.

R. WESTLAKE.

PART II.

"I believe in a good Friend yet."—A "FREETHINKER."

. . . "O did our Society stand faithful, what a blessing they might become. Many are ready to gather to the standard of Truth from among all the varied denominations and ranks. I have been with rich and poor, princes and princesses, Protestant ministers and Popish priests, all speaking but one language, not upholding forms and ceremonies, but Christ and His Spirit."—STEPHEN GRELLET.

ONE peculiar charm of the Journal of Stephen Grellet is that again and again we come across words which speak with living freshness to our hearts, because they flow so straight from his that we seem to "feel its pulses in every line."

In 1807, starting on his first visit to Europe, he writes, "None can ever have gone on the Lord's service under a greater sense of their poverty, weakness, and inability of themselves to do anything for the glory of God. O Thou, Lord, the faithful and never-failing Friend, lead me by Thy Spirit." And this consciousness that he was "nothing" was deep enough to fit him for the full faith that "Christ is all." The voyage was made perilous by pirates and by storms; but whilst rejoicing at the sight of land, great was the weight on his mind as he saw "no end to his services in the European nations."

Ere long we find him in the Friends' Meeting at Congenies, earnestly desiring for them that their whole expectation might be from the Lord, and their souls prostrate before Him, hearkening to the secret language

of His Spirit. Two days later a meeting at St. Hypolite was so thronged that it seemed as if all the inhabitants had turned out to attend it. The Lord's "love and power were felt by many whose spirits were greatly contrited." The meeting was interrupted by a Commissary of the Police, who bade some soldiers arrest Stephen Grellet. Their answer was that they could not disturb a man so engaged.

At Suissac, it was supposed that about 1,500 people were present at a meeting held on an autumn evening in an orchard, where lanterns were hung on the trees, on the boughs of which many were seated. "It was," writes Stephen Grellet, "a time of very precious visitation of the Lord to this people. The Gospel descended upon them as the dew on the tender grass. The Lord has a precious seed in these parts. These are the plants which I had felt so much for when in America, which the Lord now enables me to visit." The last meetings for the public held at Congenies were very large, and attended by Roman Catholics as well as by Protestants; many expressed their sense of the favours of the day, and the blessing it was to sit under a living ministry. The time had now come for leaving Languedoc, and to not a few of the little company of Friends at Congenies the parting was a hard one, particularly to some of the young people. Many of the townsfolk, as well as the Friends, accompanied him for some distance on the road, when once more he besought the Divine blessing upon them, and then left them looking after him until distance hid him from their view.

And now, at the age of thirty-three, he was to revisit the scenes of his early youth. At Breves, surrounded by Roman Catholicism, his service lay chiefly in private circles, where notwithstanding French politeness, he found himself an object of curiosity; and most deeply did he feel the need of constant watchfulness, that "in the light of Truth that bringeth conviction to the heart," he might answer the inquiries put to him. Amidst much of darkness, ignorance, and superstition, he yet found some spiritually-minded persons whom he trusted were near the kingdom of God. Amongst these there were nuns, whose attention he called to "the pure and undefiled way to life everlasting," and often their hearts were much softened. He was especially interested in an aged nun, humble and tender, whose delight it was to wait on the Lord and meditate on His law, finding far more comfort in this than in any of the outward performances exacted by the rules of her order. She feared to lay open the exercises of her soul to those around her. He had a comforting interview with her, in which a message of cheer was given. God must have set before him an open door, for the priests had said that he was a very dangerous person, and had even brought some influence to bear on his "precious mother." In some places they made earnest efforts to win him to their Church, with promises of her honours and preferments, and when these failed they tried the effect of anathemas. Deists and Atheists also confronted him. And again his mind was greatly bowed down on behalf of the land of his nativity, brought as she was to a state of desolation by

war and conscription. "Day and night my mind is turned towards Buonaparte. O, could I plead with him! Could I bring him to feel and see as I do the horror and misery he is accumulating upon man, and the vices and immoralities he causes unwary youth to be involved in! I have made several trials to procure passports to go to Paris, but cannot obtain them." The restrictions of Napoleon's military despotism forbade a visit to the capital, and Stephen Grellet felt at liberty to return to America.

In the following winter he visited the Southern and Western States, with varying experiences. Of one meeting he says, "The Lord's power was near us; the stream of the Gospel flowed like oil towards the poor in heart and contrite in spirit." Again he writes, "This day I have attended their two meetings. They were seasons of deep exercise, for the spirit of the world has taken deep root amongst many, estranging them from the love of God. Sit low, O my soul! Abide in humility and meekness before the Lord, thy Redeemer, whom thou hast so frequently known to be thy strength in weakness, thy leader and deliverer." At other places he finds "tender minds seeking after Truth;" and some meetings were held amongst slaves, for whose wrongs his heart bled.

In Kentucky almost wherever he went there seemed to be a renewed visitation of God's Spirit to the people. His strength was much reduced and he suffered from lack of sufficient food, for in his earnest longing to prove to the people that he sought not theirs, but them, he objected to receive refreshment unless he were

allowed to pay fully for it; and this, when he took a meal at an inn after a meeting, he could not succeed in doing. Concerning a day of hard travelling in heavy rain he says, "The pouring down from the clouds was but a faint simile of the streams of heavenly love and life, in which, during the ride this day, I was immersed, even as into the ocean of everlasting Love."

One afternoon, Stephen Grellet and a friend who was with him had not even an Indian path to guide their steps. Late at night, after riding through thick underwood, they found a place of shelter, and supperless lay down to rest, using their saddles for pillows. The rising sun found them already on their way to West Branch, but they could not reach that place until half an hour after the appointed time; "a memorable meeting, well worth all the toil endured to reach it." During the previous days also there had been great fatigue, and sometimes the bark of trees had served Stephen Grellet for a meal; but the Lord was very near, greatly contriting his heart, and filling it with praise. Meanwhile his soul was poured out in prayer for those on both sides the sea, amongst whom it had been given him to preach the glad tidings, as well as for his kindred and friends. However widely scattered these sheep and lambs of the Lord's pasture might be, they seemed very near to him. A day or two later he fainted at the close of a meeting which had brought him into more exercise of soul than his exhausted strength could bear. Yet a night of chill and fever was forgotten in a meeting held on the next day; and out of weakness he was made strong, with a

spirit "quickened afresh in the love of the Gospel of Christ," to address a large company, to many of whom it seemed to be a time of blessing.

But so great a strain could not long be borne, and his travels were now interrupted by a dangerous illness. The log cabin of the kind Friends who nursed him seemed in its restfulness "like a little palace," although between the logs he could count the stars as he lay in bed. Those around him gave up all hope of his recovery, and a near view was given him of the bliss of the heavenly world; but again he was shown that vast fields of service lay before him on earth, and the cry of his heart was that the Lord's will might be done. Under much bodily suffering he soon pursued his journey, holding several meetings, in some of which—"The Gospel, like a gentle stream, ran towards the people."

The Yearly Meeting at Baltimore was to him a time of mental distress. He had a deep sense of the importance of the testimonies in reference to the ministry of the Gospel, &c., which, he did not doubt, were "in the opening and power of Truth" committed to the religious community of which he was so loyal a member. He saw that as these testimonies had been kept to they had been wondrously blessed to the Society of Friends, and to the people at large. "My concern is sometimes great for our much-favoured Society. If a forward, self-willed ministry gain the ascendancy amongst us, we must become scattered as a people; for the ministry which stands in the wisdom of man can never reach to the deep things of God.

It can neither understand them nor minister to them."

After spending about two years chiefly at home, Stephen Grellet, now in his thirty-seventh year, again set sail for Europe. In reference to the service which lies before him, he writes, "Kept through Divine aid from the spirit of the world, I have had the prospect of a great work steadily before me; and under the various baptisms attendant upon a state of preparation for it, I have been instinctively reminded of the steps necessary to the building of a great house; the foundation must be dug deep, for a great weight is to come upon it."

He landed at Liverpool, and after some service there went northward. "My mind," he says, "has been under great concern that I might have a clear sense of the right way; . . . for I believe that there is a right time and place for every day's work." As on his journeying he was shown some of the places where the early Friends had suffered cruel imprisonment, his mind was brought into solemn thoughtfulness. "Riches and grandeur," he says, "have brought dimness over many, yet there is here a precious seed."

In Scotland the meetings were so crowded, that in some towns no place large enough to hold the people could be found; and when at times some slight attempt was made to cause disturbance, he could say, as George Fox did, "The Lord's power was over all!" Some days were spent in Edinburgh, where he was kept by Gospel bonds, although feeling as "a poor stripling in that city of high profession." So deeply did he feel

his weakness, that he thought if wings had been at his command he might have been tempted to take his flight; and yet through all he was upheld by the power of the Lord. When he reached the court-house at Kirkaldy, where a meeting had been appointed, it was so closely packed that he could hardly enter. A very large number of people were quietly standing without, and Stephen Grellet, whose heart was strongly drawn out to them in Gospel love, exclaimed, "O, that we had a place capable of accommodating this multitude!" A young woman told him that she did not doubt that the kirk could be had, and without awaiting his answer ran off to the church, where she found that a service was being held. But when the minister who was officiating there heard the state of the case, he at once ended the service; fresh lights were put in the chandeliers, his congregation remained, and were joined by the crowds from the court-house and the street. When Stephen Grellet arrived, he found this large company sitting in great stillness. He writes, "The canopy of the Divine presence was over us in such a manner, that a holy solemnity was felt. The streams of the Everlasting Gospel flowed towards the people, and the minds of many were contrited before the Lord." Meetings held in other places were also largely attended and "eminently owned by the Lord's presence and power, especially at Arbroath and Stonehaven, where several clergymen, at the conclusion, confessed to the truths that were proclaimed amongst them."

Ireland was the next scene of Stephen Grellet's labours of love. In a large meeting for the public, at

Lisburn, he was brought under much mental oppression by the sense of a spirit of infidelity ; but after humbly waiting on the Lord he was enabled, under the quickening influence of the Holy Spirit, to exalt the name and offices of Christ, and then to set forth "the nature and excellency of the ministry of the Gospel of Christ, and what are the qualifications requisite for such a sacred office. The meeting was a very solemn one, and he was afterwards told that twelve clergymen were present, and also some wanderers in the mazes of infidelity. Some of the Roman Catholics who attended the meetings had been threatened with the penance of going around the church on their bare knees, but they said that for the privilege of being at such meetings they would willingly undergo it ten times.

At Dublin his mind was under much pressure on behalf of the seamen ; and when, at the conclusion of one of the Friends' meetings, he spoke of this, whilst heartfelt unity was expressed, it was thought that it would be impossible to gather the seamen together, for the Admiralty had sent orders to impress as many of them as practicable, because of the threatened French invasion.

Nevertheless a call was at once made on the Admiral of the Port. "It is a hard thing that you ask me," he said ; "read what dispatches I have to-day from London ; but if your friend can have his meeting this evening, I give you my word of honour that no impressment shall be made to-night." A mention of the Admiral's promise and approbation was inserted on the notices, and the ground-floor of a warehouse was seated

for the meeting. So many of the sailors came as to crowd the place. The solemn stillness of the beginning of the meeting was interrupted by the entrance of the Admiral and some of his officers, and for a few moments it was feared that he was a false friend; but as if to allay all apprehension, he walked to the top of the room, and took his seat in front. On many of the weather-beaten faces tears were seen that night; and at the conclusion of the meeting the Admiral spoke with much feeling of his gratitude for the goodness of the Lord as manifested that evening, and of his desire that many present might have received a lasting blessing.

Ballitore was one of the towns where a meeting was held. In a letter written at that time by Mary Leadbeater to Mrs. Trench she says, "We have a very interesting preacher now visiting us, Stephen Grellet, a native of France. He was an officer in Louis XVI.'s Guards, and fled to America in the time of the Revolution. He is about thirty-eight years of age, middle-sized and slender. His demeanour is peculiarly courteous. He speaks English very well, though with a good deal of the French accent, and is greatly esteemed as a preacher."

Again in England, Stephen Grellet thus alludes to one of the meetings he attended: "After a long season of deep and silent wrestling, like Jacob, for the Lord's blessing, I felt as in His presence, and as if encircled by the spirits of many of my beloved and valuable friends in America, and some of those to whom I have had the privilege to become united in the fellowship of the

Gospel since my coming to these nations. Very precious near also did I feel some of those now disembodied from their tenements of clay, once like ourselves members of the militant Church, but now joined to the Church triumphant in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. It was indeed a blessed, refreshing season."

After various other meetings Stephen Grellet attended London Yearly Meeting. He sat in silence in the opening meetings, but "with a spirit fervently engaged before the Lord." A heavy burden was beginning to rest upon him in reference to the great city, and earnest was his secret cry to the Lord that he might be kept very near unto Him and His safe guidance, in meetings and out of meetings. In allusion to the meeting of ministers and elders, he says that his soul was "greatly and reverently prostrated before the Lord, that the ministry among us may be kept pure, and ever partake of that life whence it must flow."

Various parts of England were afterwards visited, and the power of the Lord was often manifested in the meetings. One who was present at a meeting at Pickering, said afterwards, "I heard such doctrine as I had never heard before delivered with such power, reaching my very heart, setting my secret actions and thoughts before me, and kindling a heavenly flame in me." At Newcastle, Stephen Grellet's heart was drawn out in much sympathy for those of the working classes whose life was one of much hardship, especially for the colliers; and in the neighbourhood, night after night, meetings were held in the open air, as

no room could be found large enough. "Great solemnity," he says, "was our covering on these occasions." In one colliery a meeting was held only a few days after a number of lives had been lost from the foulness of the air in a coal-pit, and was attended by many of the widows and other relatives of the victims of the accident. In a marvellous manner Divine love was over the sorrowing company, and many felt the oil of joy to be poured forth upon them. The solemn quietness continued as the crowds of people wended their homeward way, not a word being heard, though some full hearts found relief in sighs and tears.

Meetings were also held amongst the lead mines, and the widely-spread hills and dales of Northumberland, Yorkshire, and Lancashire. Some of the miners were wont to spend half their lives underground, and had the character of being a fierce set of people; but bringing with him as he did the softening influence of Christian love, Stephen Grellet found in many of them, he says, "the quietness of the lamb." These meetings were evidently a time of very precious visitation from the Lord.

One of them was held on a Sunday afternoon at West Burton, a beautifully situated village in Bishopdale, near Aysgarth Force. A clergyman, like himself a French refugee, lent a field for the occasion, and, as notice had been given some days before, people came even from a distance of ten miles, and it was supposed that several thousands were present. Although the meeting lasted for more than three hours, the

power of the Lord was so remarkably felt that it was held in the greatest stillness and solemnity, and the glorious Gospel was preached to the tendering of many hearts. By one of these, a very aged Friend, the writer was told that the text on which Stephen Grellet chiefly dwelt was Rev. xiv. 6, 7 : "And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting Gospel to preach to them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people ; saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to Him ; for the hour of His judgment is come : and worship Him who made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters." On that Friend, then about the age of twenty-three and a Wesleyan Methodist, this meeting had a powerful and lasting influence ; so that in the feebleness of old age, when memory had failed, and he was unable to hold ordinary converse, his face lighted up in response to a reference to that day, seventy-four years earlier, and he began to quote the text which had for him such hallowed memories, and which he was wont to repeat "in full, in a manner so impressive that it seemed almost as though the solemnity of its utterance by Stephen Grellet still brooded over him."* To how many more that sermon was blessed no earthly record tells. Stephen Grellet's heart, ever keenly alive to the sorrows of humanity, was grieved to see the great want in these dales from the scarcity of grain. His horse had but poor fare, and as for himself he made as small a quantity of food

* "Annual Monitor" for 1888, p. 148.

do as possible, but the Lord strengthened him in every way.

Birmingham had been again and again visited by Stephen Grellet, but none the less he felt himself so strongly drawn to that town as to think it right to return there for service of whatever sort his Lord might set him. When passing through a small town on his way, he finds it to be his duty to have a meeting there. After a place had been prepared and public notice given, orders are sent to him by the magistrates, one of whom is a clergyman, not only forbidding the holding of the meeting, but threatening that if it be held they would break it up, and cast him into prison. But what is the Master's will? That he seeks to know, endeavouring to have his mind "retired to the Lord to feel after His Divine guidance." The well-known voice, "still and small" though it be, bids him do what is in his heart. And if suffering should follow, what would it signify when laid in the balance with the blessedness of fulfilling the will of God! To the justices accordingly he sends a message, saying that he is not aware of any law which gave them authority to countermand the meeting to the appointment of which the love of Christ constrained him, and therefore, with all due deference to them, he cannot set it aside. The meeting was a large and solemn one, in which many hearts were reached by the visitation of the love and mercy of the Lord.

Arrived at Birmingham he held a meeting, for the makers of weapons of war, in the largest chapel of the Independents, the minister willingly giving up his usual evening service for this purpose. Stephen Grellet,

whose knowledge of the awful evils of warfare had been a practical one, was overwhelmed with sorrow as he thought of the torrents of blood staining God's earth at that very time. He had felt himself as if amongst drawn swords and bayonets, and then saw the responsibility of those who made these instruments of destruction, for which large orders had just been received at Birmingham. An awful burden rested on his spirit in that large concourse of people, so many of whom were unable to enter the chapel, that he silently prayed that no disturbance might occur. Soon a Divine solemnity overspread the multitude, and as the ambassador of the Prince of Peace, he proclaimed what true religion is, and what the manner of life of its true professors; how it calls to love and peace, is pure and undefiled, and enables men to bring forth the fruits of the Spirit. With these he contrasted the fruits of the flesh, unfolding the sinful causes of war and its awful consequences.

Many were the meetings with Friends and others in the Midland counties, and faithful was the service. At Stilton he visits the barracks, where some 6,000 French prisoners, chiefly soldiers, were confined. "Deep anguish" rested on his sensitive spirit as once more he saw one of the baneful effects of war.

Some people brought up in affluence had been taken by force as conscripts from the tender influences of home, and had now been prisoners for nine years. Why had he come to England, and why did he visit them? they asked. And when he had told them, they said that their souls were full of gratitude to the Lord for sending him amongst them.

As he goes through Cambridgeshire he is oppressed with the consciousness of the large extent to which a worldly and pharisaical spirit prevailed. At Cambridge he held a meeting to which the students were particularly invited. It is with a "mind bowed very low," but trusting in the Lord, that he goes to the meeting, accompanied by several Friends. The house is crowded, and some commotion is heard at the door, soon followed by a perfect silence, in which the power of the Lord was felt. Christ was preached. The ground and true source of spiritual knowledge were unfolded, a knowledge not to be obtained by coming to colleges and universities, but by coming to Christ and learning of Him, having ears to hear what the Spirit saith unto us; for the things of God knoweth no man but "the Spirit of God." This meeting was a very solemn time, and at its conclusion several of the students spoke to Stephen Grellet with Christian feeling. Two of them came to the inn that evening to hold converse with him. In a few weeks' time they were expecting to be ordained, and now were deeply feeling the importance of the matter. Others urged him to have a second meeting, but he did not feel that it was to such a service his Master called him, and therefore could not yield to their request; a course of conduct which probably went far to impress on some hearts the reality of that heavenly guidance which he had set before them as being essential to the minister of Christ. He now went on to Saffron Walden, and soon after the meeting there had settled into silence he was much surprised to see the two young collegians come in. They had

walked sixteen miles in order to meet him again, and seemed to be under much religious concern. They dined with him at a Friend's house, and he urged them diligently to wait on "the teachings of the Holy Spirit, and to take no step but such as Christ Himself leads His faithful followers into." They parted from him in a very tender frame of mind.

Stephen Grellet's labours in London, where he was led into deep exercise of mind for all classes, were of a remarkable character. His concern for the people at large did not decrease that which he felt for the members of his own Society. Often refreshed by the fellowship of fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters in Christ, he meets also with "precious children dear to his best life, because the life of Christ, through the eternal Spirit, breathes in them."

At Devonshire House, Bishopsgate Street, Stephen Grellet held a meeting for the weavers of Spitalfields, thousands of whom were out of work. The power of the Lord was manifested in the densely crowded meeting, and many tears were shed. Several similar meetings were held, and Stephen Grellet remarks that it seemed as if he "should have to be baptized for the various classes of people, from those who occupy the highest sections in life to those who are in the most abject and degraded condition." With the holy courage and faith of a true soldier of the cross he adds: "Bless thou the Lord, O my soul! and yield thyself unreservedly to every service and baptism He has for thee."

Meetings are next held in the West End with those

of high rank, and these labours were shared by Mary Dudley, a valued minister amongst Friends. He felt much for the young people of his own Society, and had several meetings for them with very mingled feelings. "O!" he exclaims; "how precious, how near in the Gospel have many of these felt to me!" For the Jews a meeting was held in Devonshire House.

Still a heavy burden rested on him on behalf of pickpockets, thieves, and abandoned women, and it was arranged that a meeting for them should be held in the Friends' Meeting-house in St. Martin's Lane, of which it was no light task to give effectual notice, but a duty faithfully carried out. To have a crowd of such people gathered together at seven p.m. was, he knew, a very serious thing. At the beginning of the meeting he was distressed at the sight of so many of his fellow-creatures, of both sexes, on whose faces the story of vice and depravity was so plainly written, some of whom perhaps had never before entered a place of worship. And so many of them were young! As he looked at them the strong man wept bitterly. But it was to save sinners that Christ came, and with a heart filled with His love Stephen Grellet spoke in the power of the Spirit, of sin, and of the wages of sin, and of the Saviour of sinners. No sound of stirring music, no strain of sacred song was there, but in that most solemn hour the Lord's power was so deeply felt in that motley company, that "the lofty heads, the proud looks were brought down. I have seldom known," he adds, "such brokenness, and so general as it was that evening. The meeting remained in the same state during the

silence after I sat down, a silence only interrupted by the sobbings or deep sighs of some of them. At the conclusion the people retired in the same quietness." Surely there was joy in heaven that night over repentant sinners ; but the power was the Lord's, and to Him the praise was given.

Stephen Grellet had access to the London prisons, and Newgate was visited day after day, as he desired to have religious opportunities in many of the cells. When, after visiting the male prisoners, he requested to see the women, the gaoler tried to hinder him by saying that they were such a desperate set that he could not hold himself responsible for the consequences of an interview with them, and that the best treatment Stephen Grellet might expect at their hands would be to have his clothes torn off. But the answer to his earnest, silent prayer, unmistakably bade him go forward.

The morning was dark, and many of the prisoners had not yet risen. In the two long rooms they occupied there were two tiers of hammocks above the sleepers who lay on the floor. These hammocks were now quickly rolled up, and then the women gathered together in one room. On entering it the foulness of the air was almost unbearable ; but what was even that in comparison to the moral atmosphere, before which his spirit quailed ? And those faces were the faces of women ! There they stood crowded before him with looks of shamelessness and wantonness. But it was the story of St. Martin's Meeting-house over again. Soon from downcast eyes tears were freely flowing, and

great brokenness of heart was manifested as they listened to the message of redeeming Love from the lips of one who ever felt himself to be a sinner saved by grace. Next he ascends the stairs to visit the sick, and to find many of them lying either on the bare floor or on some old straw, with but scanty covering, cold though the day is. There are children, too, babes born within the prison walls, and almost naked. To his "much-valued friend, Elizabeth Fry," he tells this tale of woe, with what results is well known. Simple, but prompt, was the first step; the purchase of several pieces of flannel, the gathering together of a number of young ladies, and a visit to the prison the next day with a number of little garments. Prisons and poor-houses in London were visited by Stephen Grellet by day, and in the evening several meetings were held of a kind nearly similar to that in St. Martin's Lane. He writes, "I have cause with reverent gratitude to bless and praise the Lord, in that those humiliating and trying services have tended to the relief of many poor sufferers, and, I hope also, to reclaim many from the paths of vice and misery." From that unboastful pen how much these words imply.*

In Cornwall many meetings were held amongst the miners and fishermen, in which service he was joined by Sarah Hustler. He says that he "had seldom

* "The practice of counting converts by the head as if they were cattle is in its very nature absurd, as it would be for a farmer to complain in May that the cultivation of land produced nothing but expense."—*The Spectator*, Nov. 25th, 1887.

known the baptizing power of Truth, meeting after meeting, for so many days together, to such a degree." The stillness of the crowded meetings, in which some had to stand, was remarkable. Cleanly though the Cornish folk are, the miners, late from work, had not had time to wash themselves, and the dust-covered faces of many were bathed with tears.

It was now war-time with America, and few and far between were the letters from his wife; "a fresh occasion," he writes, "for presenting on the Lord's altar myself and my all, to do and to suffer the whole of His will." Let us not overlook these glimpses into his inner life, or we shall fail to find wherein his great strength lay.

After two years of service in Great Britain and Ireland, Stephen Grellet believed that the time had come for him again to go forth as "an ambassador of peace to the nations while the sword bereaved on every hand." The efforts which Friends in London made with the Lords of the Admiralty to secure him a safe passage to France were successful, and in the summer of 1813, in his fortieth year, he sailed in a vessel bound for Morlaix. The English Channel was safely crossed, but on entering the river the vessel struck with violence against a rock. Whilst there was a general panic from the fear that the vessel was sinking, Stephen Grellet, alone in his cabin, sought to have his "mind centred in filial and reverent submission to the Lord's will." He felt the near presence of his Master, and was graciously granted an assurance that not a single life on board should be lost. The follow-

ing day they safely reached Morlaix. On landing, not only is his luggage minutely examined, but the lining of his clothing and the inner soles of his shoes; then he is asked what object brings him to France, and notes of his certificates are taken, and forwarded with his passports to Paris. Until an answer comes from Paris he cannot go on. But his waiting was as that of a servant expecting his Master's orders at any hour, and when at length he was able to start for Paris his mind was "bowed in reverent gratitude before the Lord," who had granted him daily opportunities for exalting His name amongst such as were sunk in superstition and sin.

It was one thing to reach Paris, and another to carry out the object of his visit amidst strict police regulations; but we find him writing, "The radiant beam of faith now and then opens something like a crevice through the thick cloud which surrounds me. It is a great thing to walk by faith and not by sight—to live by faith." Yes! and his own apostolic life was to be an abiding proof to future generations of the truth of these words, from one who could also say—

"Oh joy supreme! I know the voice,
Like none beside on earth or sea."

Amidst Protestants and Papists, men and women, persons of various ranks in life, sometimes in public, sometimes in private, Stephen Grellet found much service in Paris. The parting hours with some of these were solemn and touching, but he writes, "I

wish I could see a greater depth in many, a fuller redemption from the world, and more love to the dear Redeemer manifested by acts of obedience to His well-known will." Again he says, "I feelingly remembered whilst in Paris my concern to come here during my visit to France a few years since, and the great exercise I felt on my mind on account of Buonaparte, but not being permitted to go then I left France under much distress; and now that I am here I have no wish at all to see him were he now in Paris, and access to him easy to be obtained. The day of the Lord's visitation that I then felt to be extended towards him appears to me to have passed away from him."

Very remarkable was the intercourse of Stephen Grellet with Roman Catholics during this visit to Europe, and deeply was his heart interested in their welfare. Again and again he met with seekers after Truth who were ill-content with the superstition and impositions of their Church. One venerable-looking old man, who had been a priest, told him that one of the things which had brought strong conviction to his heart in reference to the abandonment of ceremonial religion was the repetition from the pulpit or the altar of the prayer, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us," whilst he knew that to many present the latter words were false; believing in the influence of the Holy Spirit he had learnt much in the school of Christ. Stephen Grellet had a long interview with two of his cousins, nuns adhering to the strict rules of their order, although their convent had been sold, and felt sweet

fellowship with them, whilst their hearts were brought into great tenderness as he directed them to Christ in us the hope of glory, the High Priest and only Saviour. To his great comfort he finds that from the eyes of his beloved aged mother the scales of superstition have now fallen off, and her trust is in the Lord Jesus Christ alone. After visiting the wards of the hospital at Breves, where, six years earlier, he had enjoyed "precious seasons of the Lord's favour," he finds that the aged Superior, still "in the greenness of the Divine Life," has had all the nuns collected to share with her the blessing she hoped for from his visit. Soon were they brought into solemn silence before the Lord, baptized by one Spirit into one body. "Then," writes Stephen Grellet, "my heart was enlarged amongst them in the love of Christ, who was preached to them as the only Saviour and the Bread of Life. They were directed into the temple of their hearts, sanctified by the Spirit, there to offer up unto God the worship well pleasing in His sight, in Spirit and in Truth. That baptism which constitutes the new creature was set before them, and also the Bread of Life on which this new-born child of God lives." On the following day the nun who accompanied him to some of the prisons proved to be a fellow-worker in directing sinners to Christ.

Amidst these labours of love Stephen Grellet was distressed in consequence of wars and rumours of wars. After quoting the text, "If the dead rise not, why are we baptised for the dead?" he adds, "So then may not some of us say, if there is no hope to see the end

of these scenes of human misery, anguish, and distress, why are we brought into the wrestling state? Why do we tread the agonizing path?" Again he finds how superstition, on the one hand, and infidelity, on the other, threaten to overthrow the life of true religion, yet at Toulouse is comforted by hallowed intercourse with "a few precious spirits," although heart-sick at the sight of the corruption and folly abounding in the city, the streets of which a few days earlier had been strewn with wounded soldiers after a battle between the English and French. Still in several parts of the city amputated legs and arms were piled up like so much wood.

At Rodez he again meets with pious nuns, many of whom he did not doubt were very near the kingdom of God, and might become bright ornaments in the Church if freed from the leading strings of their blind guides. In the prisons there he visits a number of young conscripts called refractory, soon to be sent in chains to the army. They sob aloud as he sets before them the consolations of the Gospel ere they are marched off to the field of slaughter, or perhaps the sink of immorality and vice. In a letter written at this time he says, "My very heart is broken; my bones and flesh are bruised. O Lord! when will the end of all this be? How long shall man be to man his most cruel tormentor?" Strong words are these, like the cry of a prophet of old, yet not too strong to set forth the feelings of one who knew something of the great Apostle's willingness to "fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ." But if sufferings abounded

in that faithful heart, so did consolations also; and soon we read of a large meeting of Friends and others at Congenies, where the overshadowing of the Father's love was so powerfully felt that the whole congregation, men, women, and children, were broken into tears.

At the close of a remarkable meeting of Protestants and Roman Catholics, an aged priest came up to him, and, after speaking of the blessings which had been showered upon them that day, he suggested that since the Lord had chosen Stephen Grellet as His instrument to preach His glorious Gospel, he should proclaim it through all the towns and villages in that neighbourhood, that thus great good might be done. "I stated," says Stephen Grellet, "what the duty of a servant of the Lord is: that he is not to direct his own steps, but in simplicity and faithfulness to go only where the Lord sends him, and to speak that only which he is commissioned to do. To which the old man with tenderness assented." In a meeting at Nismes, the whole assembly were in tears, and when it broke up came with "tender affection" to bid farewell to Stephen Grellet. Amongst these were two officers of the gendarmerie, who, after they had reached the street, told him in the most courteous manner that they had orders from the Prefect to apprehend him. They had been seeking him for several days, reaching place after place too late to find him. Now they could bless the Lord, they said, for having permitted them to attend such a meeting, and feel the visitation of Christ's redeeming love, and it was very trying to them to be under the necessity of taking him to the

Prefect. Stephen Grellet, of course, encouraged them to do their duty. The Prefect's reception was a rough one, accompanied by threats relative to the large meetings which Stephen Grellet had been holding through the country ; for the present he must go to prison, and wait there until a statement of the whole case could be sent to Paris. He was allowed, however, to withdraw that night to his hotel, on condition that he would return at nine the next morning. He had had no time for taking a meal since walking from St. Gilles, where a meeting had been held that morning. "Spent in body," he writes, "my spirit was refreshed in the Lord, the joys of whose presence, wherein there is life, had been in a gracious manner dispensed to me that day, and I felt great peace in resigning myself to His will, whatever He might permit to be done to me." But prison walls were not to check his unwearying footsteps in the path of service. The next morning he is received with more politeness, and before he is dismissed many questions are asked in reference to the Christian testimonies of Friends.

Marseilles being reached, Stephen Grellet believed that Italy must be his next field of service. But how was the journey to be accomplished ? It was war-time ; robbers infest the road ; he is alone ; a servant of the Prince of Peace, he will not join the caravans of travellers defended by armed men. Moreover, he finds himself restrained from taking the usual route through Mount Cenis. The only right track for him seems to be a well-nigh impassable path over the mountains by way of Nice. Although assured that the Lord would

carry him through all, this decision was not come to without much conflict as well as earnest prayer. It was a difficult as well as a dangerous journey; for, although no band of brigands attacked him, the road, if road it could be called, lay over high, rocky mountains, and by the side of precipices, and was so steep that it reminded the traveller of a flight of steps, covered with rolling stones, and withal so narrow that a mis-step of the mule might have been fatal. Yet he was following a sure though unseen Guide, and faith was changed to sight when some time afterwards he learnt that his steps had been literally directed away from the track of gendarmes who were in pursuit of him. For when the Prefect at Nismes had a reply from the Minister of Police at Paris, it was an order for the arrest of Stephen Grellet. The gendarmes hearing at Marseilles that he had left for Italy, never imagined that he could have taken the hazardous mountain path, and proceeded to Chambery, on the way to Mount Cenis; but, finding that he had not passed through that town, they reported to the Prefect that their search was in vain.

PART III.

“The fields in many parts I have visited are white unto harvest, so that sometimes I have wished that I might have the life of Methuselah, or that the sun might never go down, that I might do my share of that great work which is to be done in these nations.”—STEPHEN GRELLET.

PART III.

“Surely my hand may sooner forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, than for me to forget the safety, the blessedness of the leadings of the Lord’s Spirit, or ever cease to testify thereof as a part of the glorious dispensation of the Gospel.”
—STEPHEN GRELLET.

ON the heart of Stephen Grellet a heavy burden had rested in regard to Rome and other places in Italy. As it was wholly unsafe to go thither by land on account of the brigands, he resolved to sail from Leghorn; but as he was going to engage his passage, his mind was brought into deep distress at the darkness that seemed to lie before him, whilst a bright stream of light, as it were, shone behind. What do these feelings mean, and what is that Holy Will, outside the circle of which he could accomplish no true service for Christ? He stands still and then retraces his steps to his lodgings, and in the solitude of his chamber beseeches the Lord for the guidance he so sorely needs. Strongly is he given to feel that to Rome, Naples, and to other places he shall go, and that in those places he has baptisms to be baptized with, but not yet; for now he must go with all speed to Geneva and other parts of Switzerland. His soul was greatly humbled and melted before God, who thus afresh fulfilled the promise given ere he left the shores of America, “I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go.”

His route now lay through Turin, which city he

reached in safety, although not without several alarms of robbers, and almost daily tidings of murders committed by them. He had interesting interviews with individuals at Turin, including a gentleman who had been a Roman Catholic priest, some professors of the university, and the chaplain of the Prince of Sardinia. He also turned his thoughts towards the Vaudois, to whom he had long felt that he owed some service; and his heart was drawn out to them in strong Gospel love in their not far distant home amidst the valleys of Piedmont. But as he sought for heavenly direction, he saw that he must go at once to Geneva. Why, he knew not. The journey thither involved five days and nights of travelling, but as in faith he went on his way, it seemed as if he were leaving a heavy weight behind him, and his heart was so filled with reverent gratitude for the consolations of the Lord that he felt no weariness; nevertheless he wondered why he had thus to hasten to Geneva. He did not know that times were so changed there, that nearly all the clergy were Socinians, and that his labours amongst them were to leave a lasting blessing. Soon after his arrival he calls on some professors of theology, to whom he has letters of introduction, and receives a pressing invitation to a general meeting of the clergy to be held that evening. He recoils from the idea of going alone, as a Friend, among many learned men and high professors; but waiting on the Lord for guidance, with earnest prayer, he finds that he must take up the cross that lies before him. He also forcibly remembers the weight of exercise which had rested on his mind at Montoban and some

other places, on account of the principles of infidelity sown broadcast by some of the Protestant clergy, and shall he now, when an open door is set before him, flinch from bearing a testimony for the truth? Moreover, might it not be in part for this purpose that he had been brought hither in so much haste?

With his mind stayed upon God he went to the meeting, and when he found that the professors of theology and the clergy wished to ask him questions instead of transacting their business, he recollected with fresh comfort Christ's promise, that to his disciples should be given what to say when brought before kings and rulers for His sake. The inquiries had reference to the qualifications necessary for a minister of the Gospel, Divine worship, true membership in the Church of Christ, baptism, the supper, perfection, election, reprobation, and very especially to redemption and salvation by Jesus Christ. Questions were also asked in reference to the divinity and godhead of Christ which opened the way for a full testimony to Him in His various offices and attributes, as true God and true man. Stephen Grellet spoke also of the immense responsibility which rested on them, because of the infidelity promulgated by men sent out from their university. This solemn meeting lasted for more than three hours. A variety of other service amongst rich and poor in Geneva now opened before him. Meetings were held in the houses of Protestant ministers, and eight clergymen came to see him, wishing to hear more from him in reference to ministry, worship, &c.

Ere he left Geneva he learnt that after the defeats

which Buonaparte had met with at Leipzig and elsewhere, a portion of his army had fled into Italy, and was pursued by the Austrians, whilst another part of it had hastily retreated over the Rhine into France. Thus Stephen Grellet saw that it was indeed well that he had been hindered from going to Rome at such a crisis, and also from visiting the Vaudois. "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" he writes; "trust for ever in the guidance of His Divine Spirit, who alone can or ought to direct thy steps."

At Zurich two clergymen opened their houses for him to have meetings with the public; one of these was Antistes Hesse, the head of the clergy in that canton, "green in old age and of a very tender spirit." At his request, Stephen Grellet gave him in outline the views which Friends believe to be those set forth in the New Testament with regard to the new birth, the baptism of the Holy Spirit, the Bread of Life on which the renewed soul feeds, on worship, ministry, faith in Christ, and the gift and work of His Spirit. Hesse replied, "I have diligently studied the Scriptures in Greek, Hebrew, and Latin, but it is in the school of Christ only, through the teachings of that Spirit, by whom alone the things of God can be known, that I have learned that those things you have now set forth are true."

Whilst the followers of the Prince of Peace thus "spake one to another," Zurich was crowded with Austrian and Hungarian troops. At a table d'hôte Stephen Grellet met with many of the officers, some of whom said how thankful they should be if the peaceful spirit inspired by the Gospel and upheld by Friends,

prevailed ; then they themselves would not be marching to the slaughter, to slay or be slain. As troops thus daily passed onwards and others arrived, Stephen Grellet seized opportunities for conversing with many officers on the Gospel of peace and salvation, and so eager were his listeners, that he often arose from the table without having had time to partake of more than a few morsels. The meetings at St. Gallen were times of blessed realization of the nearness of the Lord Jesus, and the visits to many families resembled the breaking of bread, blessed by the Lord, from house to house. "Though Switzerland," he writes, "has drunk of the cup of fornication with all the surrounding nations, yet there are in her many precious characters who are partakers of the life hid with Christ in God, and near to everything that is capable of feeling within me."

In Bavaria there was the renewed experience that when the Good Shepherd putteth forth his sheep He goeth before. The Crown Prince sends for Stephen Grellet, and with tears confesses his strong conviction of sin, and is directed to the only Saviour. The king next desires to see him, and embraces him as he bids him farewell. At Landshat he has a meeting with the students of the University, also attended by several priests. He was led to speak of the source whence a pure and living Gospel ministry flows, even from Christ and His Spirit; that if we minister of the things of God we must have the Spirit of God, for without the Spirit they cannot be known. His interpreter was Sailer, a remarkable Roman Catholic priest and teacher of theology, who, whilst educating many young men for the priesthood,

was wont to tell them of the need that they should become learners in the school of Christ, under whose teaching alone the things of God can be known. The natural result of this instruction was seen in the number of his pupils who renounced Roman Catholicism. Stephen Grellet, who was accustomed to distribute the writings of Friends, found that Sailer already had some of their books, which he often read.

In allusion to intercourse with many enlightened and persecuted priests, Stephen Grellet writes, "Truly this is a seed of the Lord that I am called to visit, and made His humble instrument to water in their distress from the spring that flows from His Divine presence." In that realized presence what does it signify that daily he feels his life to be in jeopardy? that on one occasion a robber springs from behind a tree and takes hold of the horse's head, whilst others gather around the sleigh? And what mattered cold so intense as to cause the snow one night in a severe storm to freeze on his face, when his heart was so warmed by the love of God, that he felt like Jacob when he came from Bethel? That presence he is also conscious of in the palace of Oettingen, where he had such solemn and baptizing interviews with its royal inmates, as remind him of Penn's account of intercourse with the Princess Elizabeth and the Countess de Horne.

At Nuremberg he became acquainted with Schoener, the chief clergyman there, who sat by his side in several religious meetings. From conscientious motives Schoener and some others had abandoned the set forms ordered by their Church, and in their worship made it

their aim "to attend to the sensible motions of the Divine Spirit in preaching, praying, or silence." In conversation with Stephen Grellet he remarked, "*The Spirit leads to the substance.*"

Stephen Grellet alludes also to some of the Roman Catholic priests who had told him that they believed the right thing for them was to retain their present position, and help to lead others to a spiritual religion. He writes, "I am not able to give them any other advice than closely and faithfully to follow Him who has begun a good work in them, and will lead them safely. They feel very precious to me, and I know they rejoice in the visit which Gospel love has led me to pay them. My life seems interwoven with theirs. Some think I am a man of deep learning, whilst my greatest science is to know nothing—nothing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified. It is He who is mouth and wisdom when my mouth is laid in the dust." There is an interesting allusion to Stephen Grellet's ministry in a notice of his death, which was published in the 'Burlington American.' After the remark that he had been long known to the people of Burlington, and that the great apostle's appeal might be safely quoted, "Ye are witnesses how holily and justly and unblameably he behaved himself among you," the writer says:—"His Gospel preaching was of a character rarely equalled and probably nowhere surpassed. Its chief characteristic was its wonderful *vitality*. Perfectly free from every trace of egotism, he preached Jesus Christ and Him crucified. The sufferings of his Lord for the sake of sinful man deeply and abidingly affected his soul.

His sermons manifested an extraordinary originality, scope of thought, and spiritual wealth. With demonstration of the Spirit and with power he illustrated his subjects with passages brought from various parts of the sacred volume, and which the hearer found presented in a light in which he never saw them before. Holding all mankind as his brethren, his public ministry and prayers evinced his large-minded sympathy with the whole human race, and his deep interest in the movements among the nations."

On his way to Frankfort, Stephen Grellet was greatly distressed by the sight of several waggons from which the blood of wounded soldiers ran down to the ground. In the city he meets with miserable prisoners of war, half-starved and diseased, and hears from Prussian officers awful tales of the road along which the French army had fled, all bestrewed with the dead or the dying. It was with a heavy heart he left Frankfort behind him, and yet with reverent gratitude. He was now forty years of age; twenty-three years earlier, when in that part of Germany, he was himself a soldier, and living under the influence of the same spirit as that which was now causing the fair waters of the Rhine to be stained with human blood. Many also were the deaths from the pestilence which followed the retreat of the French army, and in Neuwied there was hardly a family that was not mourning the loss of one of the household. Very solemn were the meetings which Stephen Grellet held there, and often the morning brought him the tidings of the illness or death of some who had been present the evening before. As he pursues his journey

along the war-track, he is led to believe that whatever the horrors of a battle-field may be, they are "but one part, perhaps the smallest part, of the woes and miseries of this horrible scourge." And so awfully was vice blended with this misery, that his soul was overwhelmed with anguish." At Elberfield comfort awaited him, for he met with many "tender and visited minds. My spirit greatly rejoiced at seasons before the Lord whilst among that people, in that He very compassionately condescended to His afflicted ones, and caused the stream of His consolation and the refreshings from His Divine presence to flow among us during the meetings that we had together. Truly they were meetings for worship, for our spirits were very reverently prostrated before the Lord at His sacred footstool."*

* Isaiah lvii. 15. "There is nothing that has such an attraction for God, that has such affinity with holiness, as a contrite and humble spirit. . . It is simply impossible for God to dwell or rule when self is on the throne. . . As it is discovered by God's Spirit, and the soul sees how it has just been self that has been keeping out God, with what shame it is broken down. . . It is this brokenness and continued breaking-down that is expressed by the word contrition. . . Its intense reality consists in this, that the soul can see nothing in itself to trust or hope in. And least of all can it imagine that it should be an object of Divine complacency, or a fit vessel for the Divine blessing. And yet this is just the message which the word of the Lord brings to our faith. . . It is in faith that the Holy One is revealed to the contrite soul. Faith is ever the opposite of what we see and feel. . . Happy the soul that is willing at once to learn the lesson that all along it is going to be the simultaneous experience of weakness and power, of emptiness and filling, of deep humiliation and the wonderful indwelling of the Holy

Great was Stephen Grellet's disappointment on arriving at Pymont, to learn that the Friend who was to have been his interpreter was ill, for he had believed that much service there awaited his burdened soul. To the Lord he poured out his trouble, and on entering the meeting-house he was told of a lad, aged sixteen, who understood English well, and who said he would do his best. After a while Stephen Grellet arose, under the pressure of the Holy Spirit, to communicate to those assembled what he believed to be the word of the Lord to them. "The dear boy"—so he calls him—stood beside him, and readily interpreted what was said into German. This lad was the late Benjamin Seeböhm, who had been looking forward with deep interest to the visit of "an American Friend," from the day when his uncle told him that a letter had been received from Stephen Grellet, stating that he was on his way to pay a religious visit to the Friends at Pymont and Minden. Many questions were asked by the intelligent boy.

"My uncle," he says, "entered very kindly and very fully into my rather anxious enquiries. He gave me a very clear but simple explanation of the nature of a call to the ministry of the Gospel; the influence under which the ministers of Christ were expected to move in their services, prompted by love and a sense of Divine requiring, under the leadings of the Holy Spirit."

The remarks which were made by the uncle took a

One. Will you not now believe that even in you, however low and broken you feel, He doth delight to make His dwelling? O, this is the path to holiness!"—"Holy in Christ." By ANDREW MURRAY. Nisbet & Co.

deep hold of the motherless boy, especially those which had reference to the work of the Holy Spirit in the heart. He felt as if he were now learning what was the hallowed source of feelings with which he had been familiar from early childhood. Deeply conscious of his alienation from the ways of God, he endeavoured to pray to Him. He was much afraid that no opportunity would be afforded for becoming acquainted with the strange minister until, to his surprise, he was asked to be his interpreter. The burden of the ministry which he had to convey to others was not lost upon himself. He writes :—

“Stephen Grellet visited the families of Friends in their own homes, and I had to accompany him ; nor did he omit to come to *our* house. He addressed us all *seriatim*, and did so with an unction, a tenderness and love, that seemed to come home to every heart. His words to me were very striking, almost prophetic. My soul bowed before the message. I was much affected, and looking down (no carpets then) I found the floor was wet with my tears—they flowed so freely. Hearts were tender in those days, and we were not ashamed to show it ; nor did the impression evaporate or become less permanent by the unsuppressed emotion. . . . Stephen Grellet's visit and Gospel labours proved the turning-point in the history of my life.” *

On his arrival at Osnabrück Stephen Grellet was a good deal disheartened, for he had no sort of introduction to any resident there ; but, as he was wont to do, he waited on the Lord for guidance, and then going into the streets he is presently accosted by a

* In later life Benjamin Seebohm became a remarkable minister in the Society of Friends.

respectable-looking man, who asks if he is a Friend, and if he knows John Pemberton, an American minister. He takes Stephen Grellet to call on serious persons, rich and poor, Protestants and Catholics, and then they all gather together, and a very solemn meeting is held. When it was over, several aged men and women, who remembered John Pemberton's visit twenty years earlier, spoke of their satisfaction in again meeting with a Friend, and in once more being favoured to have the spiritual bread of life broken to them in the presence of the Lord.

Arrived again in England, Stephen Grellet's London home was at the house of William Allen, afterwards his true yoke-fellow in Gospel service on the Continent. He now alludes to William Allen as a man whose life is spent in acts of benevolence, but upon whom he looked as one of the Lord's anointed. Of very varied character were the services of Stephen Grellet during the next few months. Dublin Yearly Meeting, to which his mind had been strongly attracted whilst in Germany, was attended, and was, he says, "a time of much solemnity." And then there is laid upon him the burden of the souls of many classes in Dublin. Two large meetings were held with the soldiers in garrison in the castle, some of whom remind him of Cornelius the centurion. Several meetings were also held with the most degraded of the people. Their wretchedness, their woe, their vice, weighing on him, were enough to make body and spirit sink. So literally was this the case with his beloved companion, William Forster, that Stephen Grellet had to continue his labours alone,

sometimes comforted by finding a Lazarus full of sores and full of faith, or a weeping Mary at the Master's feet ; whilst of the very outcasts some manifested tenderness of heart, and others were far more quiet than could have been expected.

During the London Yearly Meeting, which was a time of great blessing, he was again brought into deep exercise of soul for those who were cruelly suffering from war and its consequences on the European Continent, and he besought the Lord to open the way for him to plead with kings and rulers that, if possible, a recurrence of such horrors might be averted ; and soon he was told that the Emperor Alexander of Russia and the King of Prussia would presently be in London. In company with William Allen and two other Friends, Stephen Grellet presented an Address from the Society of Friends to the Prussian King, together with a number of volumes of the writings of Friends. The interview with the Czar Alexander was at the Pulteney Hotel.

The Emperor met the Friends at the door of his apartment, kindly took them by the hand, and said he had long wished for some such opportunity. He had heard of Stephen Grellet through the Empress. Many were the questions he asked on the religious testimonies and practices of Friends, and as they were answered he repeatedly said, "These are my own sentiments also." He remarked that true worship could not consist in outward forms, but needed the reverent prostration of the spirit of man before his God. "I pray every day," he added, "not in a form of words, but as the Lord, by

His Spirit, convincing me of my wants, enables me to do." The subject of the sinfulness of war was fully entered on, and the Emperor said that his concern had been great, that the crowned heads might settle their differences by arbitration and not by the sword. Before they separated, Stephen Grellet feeling deep sympathy for the Emperor in the midst of the temptations and perplexities of his lofty rank, felt it right to express it in words. With tears he took hold of Stephen Grellet's hand, retaining it silently for a while before saying, "These your words are a sweet cordial to my soul; they will long remain engraven on my heart." His sister, the Grand Duchess, afterwards asked that she might have copies of a number of Friends' books like those which had been given to the Emperor, and in company with him and his ambassador, came to one of the meetings at Westminster meeting-house.

Stephen Grellet now visited some other parts of England. In his diary he remarks, "The love of money is like a canker, it destroys the tender life." Again in London, his spirit bowed down with the miseries of his suffering fellow-creatures, he feels as if his "soul were brought into their souls' stead." As was usual with him, these feelings find practical expression in service, and still for a while he is detained from returning to the loved ones for whom his heart yearns, but his soul "bows very reverently before Him" to whose safe keeping he had surrendered himself and his all. Such workhouses in London as he had not already seen were now visited in company with his friend Mary Stacey. Meanwhile his deep in-

terest in Friends did not lessen, and earnest were his longings that their *lives* might accord with their doctrines and testimonies.

A time of service in Flanders is followed by a most perilous homeward voyage in the late autumn of 1814, and once more his wife and himself rejoice together in the Lord's great goodness, and yearn that through His grace they "may stand offered up to Him and to His service to the end of their lives." And how does he look back on the labours of the past three and a half years? "I went out poor, very poor in spirit, and yet I can truly say that I have not lacked anything. It is the Lord's doing, and to Him the whole praise and glory are ascribed."

As soon as he suitably could, Stephen Grellet turned his attention to business, entering into partnership with a relative. He need hardly have told us that they endeavoured to conduct their business with all prudence, attending in the management of it to "the restrictions of the Spirit of Truth." He now hoped that the whole work his "dear Master had for him in Europe had been performed, and most sweet was the peace he felt as memory dwelt on past experiences there. His business was becoming lucrative, and the endearments of home must have been delightful, and its simple comforts pleasant, after his long wanderings and many hardships. We cannot wonder that he was well-nigh dismayed when the Lord set a fresh field of service before his waiting soul, a field so vast as to include the North of Europe, parts of Asia Minor, Greece, Italy, Rome, and many parts of Germany and

Spain. Again he "bows very low before the Lord," low enough to say, "Here am I, Lord! do with me what Thou wilt, only go with me!"

But before undertaking this extensive service he finds it his place to visit Hayti, and many satisfactory meetings were held on that island. Notwithstanding the opposition of Spanish priests and friars, a large meeting was held at Les Cayes, attended by the General-in-chief of the department, and several other officers, some of whom were quite black, and thankfulness was expressed that he had come in the love of Christ to visit them. In one large meeting in the open air many hearts were reached and many tears were shed. One day's journey taken by himself and his companion Stephen Grellet describes as being "very uncomfortable," a statement the reader fully endorses after hearing of the start made long before daylight, yet pleasanter then than later under the burning sun, of the difficult narrow road between mountains, and of the crossing and recrossing a river more than thirty times. Many were the perils by water met with in this island, again and again endangering life. In the Mulatto President, Petion, Stephen Grellet felt much interest; on principle he dressed plainly and lived simply, setting this example to his officers, lest the love of luxuries should lead them to oppress the natives. In one of the many meetings held at Port-au-Prince he sat beside Stephen Grellet, whilst 6000 of the soldiers stood in great stillness outside the palace, as Stephen Grellet preached to them the unsearchable riches of Christ and the blessedness of His kingdom. The

weather was calm, and his words could be plainly heard by all.

In his conversations with Stephen Grellet, Petion manifested much religious feeling, and the former believed him to be a "truly great man, exalted by his littleness in his own sight." He remarked that the Roman Catholic Church had been built for the purpose of Divine worship, when Stephen Grellet desired to have a meeting there, and the priest made no objection, apparently being indifferent to religion. "Great was the travail of my soul," writes Stephen Grellet, "for this large congregation. The Lord condescended to hear my prayer, and to reveal His power among us, and to cause the stream of His glorious Gospel to flow. Much quietness prevailed among that multitude, and many appeared tender. This evening I had a more select meeting, and a precious season it has been. The people now appear to understand the nature of silent worship; a solemn silence prevailed over us. The company very generally were in tears, and feelingly united in the acknowledgment that was made on bended knees to the love and mercy of a gracious Redeemer." In some parts of the island he found a shameful state of morality, and exerted himself in public and private, and not in vain, to bring about a change. In meetings he impressed on his hearers the duty of paying strict attention to the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus, written in their hearts. Many of the utterly demoralizing books left behind by the French Stephen Grellet succeeded in removing from the schools, leaving in their place Bibles, Testaments, and religious books, of

all which he was a large distributor. In this good work President Petion heartily sympathized.

In order to reach Gonaïves, where a large meeting was held in the open air, Stephen Grellet and his companion had to cross the windings of a river sixty-two times. Many people came down the mountains from a considerable distance to attend it. It was a solemn meeting, in which some hearts were deeply moved as they drank in the message which he believed was given him for them. As had been the case elsewhere many of those present said, "O, if you could come among us once a year only, or let one of your friends come, we should not want to hear anyone else, and should have done entirely with the priests." Indeed, go where he would in the island, there seemed to be open doors to receive him, and open hearts to accept "the testimony of Jesus, given him to bear." At one place, after an interesting meeting held in the house of the Commandant, Stephen Grellet felt nothing but an increase of exercise of mind which led him to have notice given of another meeting for the following day. In the night intervening so great was the burden resting on his heart that he felt as if the weight of mountains was upon him, and he, meanwhile, too poor and empty ever again to plead as an ambassador for Christ. At the dawn of day he sees with dismay that already a number of people have arrived in the town, whilst others in the distance are coming down from the mountains. Soon a regiment of soldiers, on their march to Port-au-Prince, also arrive, and come to the meeting, which was held in the large market-place,

where it was supposed that several thousands were present. They gathered closely around Stephen Grellet, and the Lord was very near to uphold him, and to use him as His messenger.

Ere long we find Stephen Grellet again at Port-au-Prince. In a meeting there of a rather select kind, he thought he found in the worshippers "an increase of solemnity, and a deep ingathering into the sanctuary of the heart before the Lord." He learnt that since his absence they had continued to assemble for worship. "Their dependence," he says, "being then entirely withdrawn from man, and directed with singleness of heart to the Lord, the Minister of the Sanctuary, they have become better acquainted with the operation of His Divine Spirit, and have made some advance in the root of religion." Stephen Grellet now felt that his service in that part of the island was drawing to a close, and thankfully looked back on the ability vouchsafed "to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ to thousands of the sable race." He marvels at the manner in which "the Gospel stream *does flow*" towards those whose advantages had been so scant.

The last meeting was large, solemn, and very exhausting. Then, by an illness more dreaded in Hayti than the yellow fever, he was laid so low that his recovery was thought to be hopeless. He had given directions for his funeral, his limbs had grown cold, when once more the concern to visit many of the European nations as an ambassador of the Lord was set before him, and to his heart the word came: "Thou shalt indeed visit these nations; the days of thy earthly

race are not yet accomplished." Vast was the burden again to be taken up, but it was to be borne for the Master :—

" And evermore beside him on his way,
The unseen Christ shall move,
That he may lean upon His breast and say,
Dost Thou, dear Lord, approve ? "

And in reverent prostration of the soul he answered, " Do with me, O Lord ! according to Thy Divine will." Far away from kith and kin, for Christ's sake and the Gospel's, " sisters " are provided for him—pious women, who not only minister to his needs, but many a time refresh his spirit as they silently sit by his bedside. It was whilst the fever was yet high, but not without receiving the Lord's " gracious approbation " on the step, that he took his passage to New York, and ere long we find him in his peaceful home with his dear wife and their little daughter.

But little more than a year has passed before Stephen Grellet makes the following memorandum : " The weight of the service the Lord calls for from me in Europe becomes heavier and heavier. I greatly wonder that services of this kind should be laid upon me in nations whose language I understand not, where I do not know there is even a practicability to travel, and where numerous difficulties and great perils must necessarily attend me. . . . Many days and nights I have spent prostrated with much reverence before Him; and now, believing that in simple faith and childlike submission I must commit myself to His Divine re-

quirings, I have found it my place to prepare to follow the Lord wheresoever He is pleased to call me. . . . My beloved wife is my faithful helper ; she very sweetly encourages me."

The voyage to England accomplished, though not without a narrow escape of a watery grave, we find him, whilst at Manchester, finishing an entry in his diary with the prayer: "O, Lord, send the angel of Thy presence to direct the footsteps of Thy servant, and be pleased, according to Thy word, to prepare a companion for me after my own heart, to go with me in the great work whereto Thou dost send me." This prayer was fully answered. Only a few weeks later he refers to an evening at the house of William Allen, when a blessed time of silent communion with the Lord was broken by William Allen, as on his knees he offered himself to His will, to go with Stephen Grellet wherever He might be pleased to direct their steps, and to drink whatever cup might be given them, were it even unto death.

After they had spent two months in Norway and Sweden, the Gulf of Bothnia was crossed to Russia. At Abo a visit is paid to the prison in the castle, where Stephen Grellet finds the suffering inmates laden with chains and irons to an extent he has never seen before, and which caused great pain. The thought of their misery drove sleep from his eyes that night. "My soul was poured forth before the Lord, that He would open the way for the mitigation of so much distress." This fellow-suffering with those in bonds was renewed at St. Petersburg, where at least nine prisons were

visited. Truly he says, "It would appear that sympathy with the sufferings of humanity in the nations that I visit is one of the services laid upon me."

In a remarkable manner—if, indeed, *any* answer to prayer be *remarkable*—again and again, he was enabled to exert an influence which brought about a wonderful reformation in the state of prisons. In some of them bugs were to be seen in clusters on the walls, like so many swarms of bees, and the air was noxious from the filthy state of the cells; but before the Friends left Russia they found that brooms, brushes, water, and lime were supplied to the prisoners for a thorough cleansing. A separation was also made between the men and women, and the old offenders and young prisoners. In an interview with the Emperor, Stephen Grellet showed him a sketch, which had been taken at Abo, of the fearful fetters which bound the prisoners there; and the case of one man in particular was represented, who had been thus loaded with irons for eighteen years, because he had threatened to strike his mother. The Emperor was much affected, and three or four weeks later informed Stephen Grellet and William Allen that this poor man was set free, and that the chains were removed from the other prisoners. The Emperor had been absent on their arrival at St. Petersburg, but well remembered their interview with him in London, and bade his Prime Minister, Prince Alexander Galitzin, treat them as *his friends*. Galitzin read their certificates, and was much pleased with them, and asked various questions of a religious character, his thoughtful young secretary being also in the room.

Then, to quote Stephen Grellet's words, they were "brought in a simultaneous manner into a state of silent prostration before the Lord, an experience to which the Prince does not appear to be a stranger. In the love of Christ towards them I communicated a little out of the overflowing of my soul."

In one of their interviews with the Emperor, he made the Friends sit on a sofa, placing himself between them, and alluded with feeling to the encouraging and helpful visit they had paid him in London. He made many enquiries in reference to religion. When they told him of the pain they felt at the demoralizing tendency of some of the reading-books for the public schools, and said that they had begun to prepare a set of Scripture lessons, the Emperor replied that they had done the very thing which he wanted to be done, for he had long desired that such a mighty engine as general public education might be used for the promotion of the kingdom of Christ. About two hours were spent with the Emperor, who knelt by Stephen Grellet's side when prayer was offered. He gave orders that the Scripture lessons should be immediately printed, and introduced into all the schools in his dominions. These lessons were subsequently translated into many languages, and used for schools in different countries.

The Emperor told his visitors that as a child he had disliked the formal repetition of prayers; but at times, after he had gone to rest, his heart was so much troubled at the remembrance of some sinful conduct in the course of the day that he was constrained to arise, and on his knees ask with tears for the Lord's

forgiveness, and for strength to be more watchful in future. After a while he gave less heed to the still, small voice of his pleading Saviour, and thus the convictions which had been powerful grew fainter and fainter, and sin gained increasing ascendancy over him. In 1810 his heart was again greatly influenced by the Holy Spirit; and about this time Prince Galitzin presented him with a Bible, a book which he had never read. "I devoured it," he said, "finding in it words so suitable to, and descriptive of, the state of my mind. The Lord, by His Divine Spirit, was also pleased to give me an understanding of what I read therein. I consider the teachings of the Spirit of God as the sure foundation of saving knowledge." He spoke of the sleepless nights he had passed, deploring the woes brought on man by war, and said that whilst his mind had been bowed before the Lord in prayer, a plan had presented itself to him in so forcible a manner that he rose from his bed and wrote it down. It was that all the crowned heads should submit all differences to arbitration instead of resorting to the sword. Ere they parted for the last time he spoke of his full belief that through the Spirit of the Lord they might when separated feel fellowship and communion of spirit, since with Him there is no limitation of space. "I have one more request to make," he added, "that before we separate we silently unite once more in waiting on the Lord, if so be that He condescend to give us a manifestation of His Divine life and presence as He did on former occasions." "We were prepared,"

says Stephen Grellet, "to accede to his request, for we felt in a precious manner the wings of heavenly love to be stretched over us. After a while, in the love of Christ, I felt constrained to impart a few words to the dear Emperor for his encouragement. He was bathed in tears. Then dear Allen, on bended knees, supplicated the Lord on his behalf, and that of his people. The Emperor, who had kneeled by him, continued sometime thus prostrated after William had ceased utterance." Of an interview with the Empress he writes:—"Her heart was tender and prepared of the Lord to receive what, in His love and counsel, we felt it to be our religious duty to impart to her. She was bathed in tears." The Emperor afterwards sent repeated messages to Stephen Grellet and William Allen; and shortly before his death bade his physician let them know that his "warm Christian love flowed towards them."

Whilst much of the service of Stephen Grellet and his beloved companion was amongst the poor, another visit to one high in rank, which was laid on their hearts, was to Michael, the Metropolitan of the Greek Church. He received the simply-attired Friends in his gorgeous pontifical array, consisting of a purple robe over a richly-embroidered garment; a tiara upon his head, on the front of which shone a cross of diamonds and other precious stones; from a gold chain around his neck hung a picture of a saint; and a string of amber beads was in his hands. He gave them a courteous welcome, bade them sit beside him, and made many enquiries in reference to the Society of Friends.

Again and again they were about to withdraw, but he prolonged the conversation, and remarked that he had never before "heard of any people acting on grounds so scriptural and conformable to ancient apostolic practice." He ordered tea for them; and, on parting, desired that they might remember one another in their prayers.

A visit was next paid to Philaret, the Archbishop and Vicar of the Metropolitan, a learned man, acquainted with most of the ancient and modern languages. He remarked to his visitors that the "knowledge of these might facilitate the understanding of the words written, but that the Spirit of God alone could give a right knowledge of the things of God." He afterwards spoke of how "all forms, ceremonies, and ordinances that have been introduced into the Churches, though they be performed with ever so much sincerity and devotion, can only be as the law was unto the Jews,—a schoolmaster to bring us to Christ. He is the end of all these things and their substance."

It was about this time that Stephen Grellet's sensitive heart was brought into great heaviness from the fear that William Allen might not see an open way to further service with him. This care, like every other, was cast on the Lord; and then he waited with deep reverence to see what *He* would do. William Allen was led to feel that the right course for him was to continue to share the blessed burden given to his friend to bear on the behalf of Christ; and with hearts full of peace they started for wide fields of usefulness in

Moscow and the South of Russia, leaving behind them—as Daniel Wheeler, then residing at Ohta, believed—an impression on the minds of some which would never be obliterated.

PART IV.

Servant of God, well done !

Rest from thy loved employ ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

* * * * *

Bent on such glorious toils,
The world to him was loss ;
Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,
He hung upon the Cross.

MONTGOMERY.

PART IV.

“The narrative of Stephen Grellet's labours affords abundant evidence of their having yielded much precious fruit ; but we feel how much there must have been which he himself never knew ; to how many souls he must have been unconsciously the instrument of imparting life and light, comfort and strength. The full sum will not be known till the day arrives which shall declare all things ; and then, without doubt, many who were wholly unknown to him on earth will be found to be his everlasting joy and crown of rejoicing.”—EDWARD ASH, M.D.

WHILST at Moscow, Stephen Grellet and William Allen visited the Archbishop, and, in his spacious parlour, found themselves in the midst of a large company, including several bishops, two archbishops, priests, monks, and some princes from Georgia. Many questions were asked relative to the Christian testimonies of Friends. This unlooked-for opening for service caused Stephen Grellet much exercise of mind, and the secret cry went up that the Lord would keep him and his companion under His close guidance. A solemn influence overspread those assembled ; and before they separated a monk, who could speak French, said to Stephen Grellet :—“ All outward rites and observances are but forms ; Christ and His Spirit are the substance. This we must press after ; without it nothing else can avail us.”

Soon afterwards the Friends visited Prince Sergius Galitzin, a relative of Prince Alexander Galitzin, in his extensive palace, a good, benevolent man, very simple in

his manner of living. Many of his near relatives were with him, and the young princes and princesses seemed deeply interested in what their visitors felt it right to say, and some in the company were in tears. There was also an interview with the charitable young Countess Orloff, the owner of very large estates : " One of those spirits with whom we could mingle in very near Christian fellowship ; she knows what it is, like Mary, to sit at the feet of Jesus to hear through the Spirit His gracious words." Further efforts also were made on behalf of distressed prisoners. Whilst in some of the labours there had been much to cheer, in others there was much to cast down : " My soul has been plunged into deep exercises. It seems at seasons as if it were poured out unto death, so that during some nights my tears have flowed in abundance. The Lord is very gracious in my distress, and His promise is in the most consolatory manner renewed, that He will be with me."

The travellers reached Toula, sorely bruised from the roughness of the roads, and after many perils. They had interesting interviews with the Archbishop there, one of which Stephen Grellet thus describes :— " The Lord proclaimed silence over us, and gave us a solemn season in His presence. Christ, the Shepherd and Bishop of souls, was preached to them ; it is His prerogative to feed and instruct His people. His servants, even those who are divinely anointed as His ministers, can only hand out to the flock the bread that the Lord first gives them for the purpose, and which He Himself blesses. Neither can any

availingly instruct the people but as the Lord Himself commissions and qualifies them by His Spirit." The heart of the archbishop was evidently touched, and tears were in the eyes of some of the young priests.

Of a private interview with Bishop Eugenés, Stephen Grellet writes:—"We had fellowship with his spirit, and, under a feeling of the peculiar exercise of his mind, I offered for his acceptance what I thought was the mind of the Lord. He repeatedly said on our parting, 'This is one of the most precious days of my life; my faith in the Lord Jesus is greatly confirmed.'" At Ekaterinoslaw they visited Macarius, Rector of the Seminary for the Sons of the Clergy. His views about baptism and the supper were very similar to those held by Friends. With regard to ministry, he said that he used to prepare his sermons with much pains, but felt them to be so dry and lifeless that he seemed unable to deliver them. Then, "under very deep abasement before the Lord, he felt the quickening influences of His Spirit constraining him to speak as He gave him utterance."

The Friends much desired to meet with the Malakans, or Spiritual Christians, and at their own lodgings held a meeting for them. It was attended by Macarius, and "soon all gathered into solemn, silent waiting and prostration of soul before the Lord." After a good meeting there was a time of conversation with the Malakans. Macarius lingered for a while absorbed in silent thought, and then, bursting into tears, exclaimed:—"I thought I was alone in these parts, endeavouring to walk in the light of the Lord, to wait for and sensibly

to feel the influence of His Spirit, so as to worship Him in spirit and in truth; and, behold, how great has been my darkness, that I did not discover that blaze of light here round about me among a people poor in the world, but rich in faith in the Lord Jesus Christ." So deep was Stephen Grellet's interest in the Malakans, whom he again met with in the Crimea, that he thought his intercourse with them would alone repay the toil of his long journey. Their religious views strongly resembled those of the Society of Friends, although they had never heard of such a people.

When the travellers finally quitted Simpheropol, some of the Malakans came to their door before daylight to bid them farewell once more.

"One of their old people, a venerable-looking man, with his long beard and sheep-skin covering, appeared very desirous to go with us a little way. He got in and sat between us; we could not converse with one another, but there is a language more forcible than words. He held each of us by the hand, big tears rolled down on his venerable beard. We rode on several versts in solemn, contriving silence, till we came to water we had to cross, when he took us in his arms with the greatest affection, kissed us, and got out of the carriage. On looking back we saw him prostrated on the ground in the act of worship or prayer to God; and after he rose, as long as we could discern him, he stood with his face towards us, his hands lifted up. We felt it, as he did, a solemn separation. May the Lord bless and protect that portion of His heritage, a people whom He has raised by His own power, and instructed by His own free Spirit."

Ere long the Black Sea is crossed to Constantinople, and Stephen Grellet's mind is brought low, not by fear of going into the midst of the plague, but under a

solemn sense of the service which still lay before him. "I spent a night of watchfulness unto prayer, like Jacob, wrestling the whole night for the Lord's blessing; and towards morning the light of His countenance has very graciously arisen upon me." At Constantinople he was greatly grieved, as he saw that whilst religious observances devised by man were strictly kept, the law of God was atrociously broken. One day he learns that on the previous night two hundred people, many of them Janizaries, had heavy irons put on them, and then were thrown into the river. We cannot wonder that he should feel himself "encompassed about with horrible darkness and distress." Amongst the islands of the Archipelago the travellers had a narrow escape from falling into the clutches of desperate pirates, whose habit it was to destroy lives and sink vessels. When there seemed no way of escape, a sudden change in the wind took their clumsily-built boat, "fast as the flight of a bird," into the safe shelter of an inlet in the island of Tino.

After mutual labours in Greece, his beloved fellow-labourer returned home, whilst Stephen Grellet set his face towards "the land of Popes and Cardinals," where very remarkable service awaited him. Of the Italian language he knew enough to enable him to judge of the faithfulness of the Roman Catholic priests, who were often his interpreters, as he spoke of pure and undefiled religion. From Cardinal Consalvi, the Pope's Prime Minister, he obtained orders of admission to various places he thought it right to visit, including hospitals, a college, a nunnery, and also a

house of correction, where he was greatly grieved at the cruel treatment of the young inmates. "I had a suffering night," he writes. "Amidst these feelings it is laid upon me to visit the Inquisition, thus to go into the lion's den." One evening he was told that a great outcry was raised by some of the cardinals at the liberty granted him to pry into their secret things.

Consalvi obtained permission for his entrance to the Inquisition from Father Miranda, the head of the inquisitors, who bade his secretary accompany Stephen Grellet and show him everything. After visiting the various cells, and the prison in which Molinos had been confined, he went to the underground cellars, or prisons, and was in the room in which the inquisitors used to sit, and where tortures were inflicted. It seemed plain that these apartments had been unused for many years.

As they entered, Stephen Grellet caught the words *Secret Library*, in a remark made by the secretary to his interpreter, and he asked to be taken there. Presently he was conducted to a library, but it was a large public one. He told the secretary that it was the Secret Library he had requested to see. The secretary replied with hesitation, saying that it was a place which even the priests had no leave to enter. Stephen Grellet, with characteristic firmness, reminded him of the orders he had received to show him everything; and added, that if the secretary declined to meet his wishes in this case, he might have reason to suppose that other places were being concealed from him, and therefore he would be unable to gainsay the current

reports that the old horrors of the Inquisition were still covertly carried on. And to the Secret Library he was led, a spacious apartment, shelved to the ceiling, containing books, MSS., and papers that had been condemned. In the beginning of each book the objections to it were stated, or reference to a particular page or line was given, followed by the date and the signature of the inquisitor. The greater part of the MSS. had been written in Ireland, and some of them were of great interest, and proved that the writers had been taught by Christ Himself. There were also manuscripts in most, if not all the ancient and modern languages. Many Bibles were there, and some thousand volumes of the writings of Molinos, but for Friends' books he sought in vain. Then the secretary took him to the place where the archives of the Inquisition were concealed. They were kept as a merchant's day-book and ledger might be, a list of names, and also a full statement of each case, from the prisoner's entrance to his release or death. Such an examination into the recesses of the Inquisition it has probably fallen to the lot of few to make. He had gone there not knowing what might befall him, but committing his way to the Lord. When the news of this event spread, there was great excitement amongst priests, monks, and cardinals, and much indignation was felt at such desecration of holy places. No doubt Stephen Grellet's exposure of the misappropriation of funds intended for various institutions caused exceeding annoyance. "Here I am," he writes, "in the mouth of the dragon. The Lord may keep him chained down; in patience and

resignation I wait to see what He will do with me and for me. . . . In bonds or suffering, even in *death* His name be glorified."

Stephen Grellet believed it to be his duty to try to obtain an interview with the Pope himself. This was in the year 1819, the last of the pontificate of Pius VII. The visit is thus related :—

"The Pope's valet-de-chambre opened the door of his cabinet, and said in Italian, 'The Quaker has come.' . . . The Pope is an old man, very thin, of a mild, serious countenance. The whole of the apartment is very plain. He was sitting before a table; his dress was a long robe of fine white worsted, and a small cap of the same. He had a few papers and books before him. He rose from his seat when I came in, but as he is but feeble, he soon sat down again. He had read my reports respecting many of the visits I had made in Rome to prisons, &c. He entered feelingly on some of these subjects, and intends to see that the treatment of prisoners and of the poor boys in the House of Correction (and various other subjects I have mentioned) should be attended to, so that Christian tenderness and care be exercised. . . . He assented to the sentiment that God alone has a right to control the conscience of man, and that the weapons of a Christian should not be carnal but spiritual. . . . I represented to him what I had beheld in many places in Europe and the West Indies, of the depravity and vices of many priests and monks, and what a reproach they are to Christianity, and what corruption they are the means of spreading widely over the people. . . . I then stated what is the sacred office of a minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, a priest of God; what the qualifications for that office should be, and Who alone can bestow them. . . . The Pope said several times, on looking at the priest present, 'These things are true;' and the priest's answer was 'They are so.' . . . Finally, as I felt the love of Christ flowing in my heart toward him, I particularly addressed him . . . and queried whether his days were not lengthened out to enable him to glorify God, and to exalt the name of the Lord *our Redeemer, Jesus Christ, as the only Head of the Church*, the

only Saviour, to whom alone every knee is to bow, and every tongue confess. He kept his head inclined and appeared tender ; then rising from his seat, in a kind and respectful manner, he expressed a desire that the Lord would bless and protect me wherever I go."

It was said that the Pope had never before been known to give half as much time to a private audience.

At Florence we find Stephen Grellet enduring great suffering at seeing the state of the prisons and work-houses ; and at Pisa, making such representations to the president of government as led to steps being immediately taken for the relief of the sufferers in that city ; while similar orders were sent to other places. At Bologna he finds that he is jealously watched, and feels that he is treading among scorpions, but sees " no better way than to go straight forward in the path and line of service into which his blessed Lord directs him." His spirit must have been refreshed by a visit to the hospital and lunatic asylum, under the care of the *Buoni Fratelli* (Brothers of Pity), whose lives were devoted to acts of benevolence and charity ; for he writes of having " a precious time " with these monks.

At Verona his way is hedged up, and he spends a day in retirement before the Lord, with his mind prostrated very reverently before His footstool. He knew that although the Lord had done great things for him, the grateful remembrance of this could not give strength and confidence in "journeying from one nation to another people," unless the Lord's hand were afresh stretched forth to uphold. From Verona he went direct to Munich, feeling deeply for the

inhabitants of some of the places he passed through; but "prayer seemed to be the only service required." In allusion to the Tyrolese Alps, he says, "I doubt not that among those high mountains and deep valleys the Lord has a seed precious in His sight, which He waters by His own Spirit."

At Munich he laboured amongst high and low, finding in the palace that his prayers had been answered, and that the heart of the king was open to receive his message. "He took me in his arms with affection, and craved that the Lord might grant my heart's desire for him." During the interview Stephen Grellet had pleaded with him on behalf of those of his subjects who were suffering from persecution, on the score of their conscientious objection to the doctrines of Roman Catholicism. When with the Crown Prince he encourages him to "adhere closely to Christ, to follow the light by which things reprovably in the sight of God are made manifest. . . . I told him that it is by the Divine Spirit that power is given us to do, or cease from doing, what we cannot in our own will and strength. I left him in a tender state of mind."

With the King of Wirtemberg, in a private interview, he sympathizes in the loss of the admirable queen. The king held him by the hands, whilst great tears rolled down his cheeks, as he listened to what was set before him of the consolations of the Gospel. He took Stephen Grellet to the nursery to see his "dear, motherless children," one of whom, the little Princess Mary, three years old, was able to speak good English, French, and German.

Whilst visiting the Swiss Cantons, Stephen Grellet hears of a pious people amongst the mountains, but being debarred by the depth of the snow from intercourse with them, he is comforted by feeling that they are watered by the Lord's holy presence.

At Geneva, one entry in his diary alludes to a largely-attended meeting held at the house of Pastor Demallever. Thirty-three years later the Pastor's widow told to some English Friends the story of that evening, when valuable conversation had been followed by very solemn silence. It was some time before anything was said, and then Stephen Grellet spoke very impressively, after a while expressing his belief that there was one in that little company who was strongly tempted to commit suicide. Most earnest was the warning given, whilst the glorious hope of the Gospel of Christ was so dwelt on as to touch the hearts of all in the room. Long afterwards, a gentleman who had unexpectedly come in and quietly taken a seat by the door, told Pastor Demallever that on the evening in question he had left his house with the firm resolve to throw himself into the lake, but entering the pastor's house—he scarcely knew why—was met by an effectual message.

In one entry in Stephen Grellet's journal whilst in the south of France, he says, "I felt very solitary on my way, as I frequently do, and shed many tears. Put them, O God, in Thy bottle!" But soon he is greatly comforted by finding his beloved, aged mother, living near the Lord Jesus, and like some other of his relatives, "*seeing beyond the priests.*" After a solemn

parting from her he went to Limoges, whence he writes :—

“On the road here my heart was clothed with love for all men everywhere—those I have visited and those who reside in places where my steps will never be directed. . . . Fervent also were my prayers for the members of my own religious Society, who increasingly feel near and dear to me, many of whom are like bone of my bone ; the oneness of the Spirit in the Lord Jesus unites me to many of them.”

Again in England an early entry in his journal states :—

“To-day the Meeting for Sufferings* was held. They had business before them of great weight. Friends felt it, and a watchful care prevailed to seek for Divine wisdom and ability. O that Friends everywhere in all their meetings were thus engaged to look up to Him who alone can rightly direct by His Spirit.”

The joy of returning home to his beloved wife and little girl is alloyed by the tidings of the decease of “that dignified servant of the Lord, and father in the Church, George Dilwyn. He followed me closely in spirit here at home, and also during my long and distant journeys. Very often did he partake of my sufferings and of my joys.” One who knew Stephen Grellet in the sanctuary of his home, writes of his “indescribable tenderness of love to a wife and daughter fully worthy of it, and who returned it in unstinted measure.” Burlington, New Jersey, was now his residence, but long visits were made to many

* A standing Representative Committee of the Society of Friends, which meets once a month, retaining the significant name given it in the 17th century.

of the States. His sensitive heart, keenly alive to all that might hinder the advancement of the cause of Christ, was sorely burdened at the development of the Hicksite Controversy. He says that in some places his mournful language was "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him."

Some meetings were held with slaveholders, and others with slaves. The former took the measure of Stephen Grellet's unswerving uprightness of conduct, most of them saying that they need not attend the meetings he had with the slaves, since they know that he would not say anything in their absence which he would have withheld in their presence. Greatly exhausted after one of these meetings, held in extreme heat, he was well nigh dismayed at the great crowd of people who assembled at another place that afternoon; but as he went into the meeting, he felt as if "encircled by the Divine presence, and that the Lord's power was over all. . . . The Lord Jesus Christ was preached as the Life and Light of men."

At New Orleans many meetings were held, and when it became known that he was about to leave the city, he was strongly urged to remain for a few months or weeks, hearts, homes, and chapels being freely open to him. But he says, "It appeared most safe closely to follow my Lord's guidance, to come at His bidding, and to depart at the same." A month later in Tennessee, we find him, under a good deal of discouragement, going some miles out of the direct road to visit a small town. "I have found it again to be the safest way to

follow the Lord's guidance; He leads in the right way." There he found people with hearts prepared to receive him, and in the meeting the Lord's presence was felt to a remarkable degree. In reference to another meeting, to which he went under much depression, he says: "All human and slavish fears were taken away under a grateful and humbling sense of the Lord's presence and power, so that I flinch not from proclaiming the plain and simple truth."

Often during this tour, Stephen Grellet and the Friend who accompanied him, travelled for miles over, or rather *in*, swamps, where the water was so deep that the carriage repeatedly floated and the horses swam. Had they wished to turn back, the way between the trees was too narrow to allow it. They were also in danger from alligators. Two years later, when the prospect of performing some arduous service in his own Yearly Meeting lay before him, "Now or Never," seemed to be the word addressed to his heart; and on his return he could see clearly that it was only *then* the service could have been accomplished.

In the summer of 1831, at the age of fifty-seven, Stephen Grellet sails for Europe again, the first part of his service being in England. In the Midland and Northern counties he had many meetings with colliers and miners and weavers, feeling much sympathy for them in the midst of their hardships and privations. To travel amongst the colliers then was dangerous, for there had been a strike, and lacking food, some of them were driven to desperation, but Stephen Grellet and his *companion* were unmolested. On his way to Sheffield

he met with an alarming accident. The bystanders thought he was killed on the spot, but whilst he felt the horses' feet, and the wheels of the carriage passing over him, and was quite aware that the result might be fatal, the language spoken to his soul was, "Thou shalt not die but live;" and then service in Spain was forcibly set before him.

When in Berlin he had an interesting interview with the Crown Princess, whose desire for the knowledge of the truth began when he was in Europe twelve years before. He found himself constrained by the love of Christ to answer fully the questions she asked in reference to worship, ministry, and the influences of the Holy Spirit. Her heart was very tender as she drank in the words of cheer which Stephen Grellet felt it right to address to her. At Halle, whilst sorely burdened by the Socinianism prevailing in its renowned University, the tidings came of cholera in the United States, and of the illness of his wife and only child. Out of these depths he writes:—"If my soul is sinking under this weight of oppression, let it be, O Lord! to sink only to come through the depths to Thee, my rock and sure foundation!"

William Allen was again his fellow-labourer, and at Leipsic they had an early morning visit from three students, who conversed with them about their religious difficulties. "We pressed upon them the necessity to retire often in their closet to wait for and feel after the manifestation and teaching of the Divine Spirit. They told us that several of them met together frequently, thus silently to wait upon the Lord, or at seasons

to unite together in putting up their prayers to Him."

At Halle, suffering on account of the prevalence of infidelity, and sympathy with the few who were daily grieved by the spirit that surrounded them, so absorbed the thoughts of the travellers, that the idea of visiting prison or workhouse did not cross their minds; but after leaving they learnt that the cholera was prevailing in those places. At Dresden, in an interview with Frederick the Prince Regent, they tell him that "sin is the cause of all private and public misery," and that "no government can have stability where these abound;" and "no power can eradicate them but that of the Lord Jesus Christ, who came into the world to deliver us from our sins." The Regent was attentive and serious, and his younger brother, Prince John, who also desired to see them, manifested tenderness of heart in some of the remarks he made. He was much pleased to receive some English Reports on Temperance, Prison Discipline, and Public Schools; nor less so with some publications on the Christian Testimonies of the Society of Friends, on which he wished for further information. "We encouraged him," writes Stephen Grellet, "to cultivate a state of watchfulness unto prayer, that by close attention to the leadings of the Holy Spirit, he may increase in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and be strengthened to walk in obedience to the will of God."

In the afternoon of the same day a baroness is their interpreter in a meeting, where for some time all present "appeared to be gathered with one accord into

solemn silence before God." When Stephen Grellet, his heart filled by the love of the Gospel, arose to speak, the baroness stood beside him, translating the French sentences into German, performing her labour of love "with great gentleness and modesty, but with striking dignity," albeit her own heart was deeply touched. At the close of one of these days at Dresden, Stephen Grellet, after a reference to a visit to Von Lindenau, the Prime Minister, says :—

"In the evening, during the time of our silent retirement together, dear Allen and myself were introduced into great solemnity and reverence ; we silently worshipped God, and offered Him unitedly the sacrifice of brokenness and contrition of spirit ; and then on bended knees, in vocal prayer, we also mingled our requests and supplications,—first on our own behalf, and on behalf of our dear and loved ones from whom we are separated for the Gospel's sake ; then intercessions were offered for all those we have visited as the Lord has directed our steps, that He would also bless the works of His hands everywhere. It has been a refreshing season to us, animating us with fresh dedication to follow our blessed Lord wherever He may call us, and to do or suffer the whole of His blessed will, only craving His Divine and all-sufficient grace to enable us so to do and to walk in His fear."

In Wirtemberg they find the people in several parts of the kingdom dissatisfied with formal preaching, and longing to hear the Gospel proclaimed by ministers of God's own appointing. During the visit they paid the king no one else was in the apartment. Amongst the subjects brought before him were liberty of conscience, peace, and the treatment of prisoners. "He was serious and very tender under what, in the love of the dear

Redeemer, we imparted to him. Our separation was solemn. He said, 'These hours are amongst the most precious of my life!'" A farewell letter from the Queen, signed "Pauline," alluded to an interview they had had with her, the solemnity of which she continued to feel. On the evening of that day Stephen Grellet had to part from William Allen, who was about to return home. He writes, "I travelled on my way very solitary, but the Lord was with me; without Him I lack everything; in Him are all my fresh springs."

After a day or two at Strasburg, a meeting was held at Ban de la Roche, once the scene of the labours of the faithful Oberlin. In that large assembly, whilst words of comfort and cheer were given to Stephen Grellet to hand forth, he was, to his surprise, also led to give a solemn warning, followed by an earnest entreaty to turn away from rash and evil purposes. A son of Oberlin was present who had got into bad company, and was that night going to enlist as a soldier. But we read: "The word preached sank deep into his heart. The Spirit of Truth, the faithful witness, performed his office in him. His purpose was changed, and he spent the night in retirement and prostration of soul before God."

For some time past, by night and by day, Spain had been resting on Stephen Grellet's mind; and yet, as the time drew near for journeying there, the political state of the nation seemed well nigh to close the way. He hears of bloodshed, confusion, and crowded prisons, and is told that the proposed visit is impracticable. X Meanwhile, the Master's secret call to Spain sounds

louder and louder. "O Lord! all things to Thee are possible. Thou canst make a way. . . . My dear Allen also Thou canst direct to return to me. . . . Thy will, O Lord, in all things be done. Condescend only, graciously, to continue to fulfil, on behalf of Thy poor servant, Thy blessed word of promise: 'I will teach thee, and instruct thee in the way thou shalt go, I will guide thee with mine eye.' "

Again he records how, whilst travelling alone one day, his soul was "greatly contrited under the fresh sense of what redeeming love and mercy had done for him," and a living hope was granted that an Almighty hand would set before him an open door in Spain.

Two or three months pass by ; he is in France, and the time for crossing into Spain is at hand. And once more he is brought into deep exercise of mind as again and again he is either told that it will be impossible to enter that land, or that he will have to lay down his life there. But still the cry of his soul is, "Direct my steps, O Lord!" and ten days later we find him on the Spanish frontier. Among his fellow passengers in the diligence from Bordeaux was the Marquis de Matta Florida, whose father had been one of the King of Spain's ministers. He gave some cheering tidings which had lately reached him. On the same day came a letter from William Allen, saying that he felt himself "so forcibly brought under the weight of religious concern to join in the Gospel service in Spain, that he intended to start immediately." In the fulness of Gospel love they soon

meet ; and ere long, unmolested by the organised banditti, find themselves at Madrid, where Count d'Ofalia, the Minister of the Interior, was ready to do what he could to help them. When acting as Ambassador to the United States, he had become acquainted with the principles of the Society of Friends. At his suggestion the king requested that an order should be written in his own name, to admit the travellers to any place they might desire to visit. Of this permission they took full advantage, and in their interview with the king entreated him "to mark the last years of his reign by acts of clemency and piety, and the noble deed of giving his subjects full liberty of conscience." The queen stood by his side, and between them was the infant princess, who became Isabella II.

On the road from Madrid to Valencia, the travellers were surprised, on passing through towns, to find the streets full of people eager to get a sight of them ; whilst at the places where they took refreshment, some well-educated people came to ask them questions in reference to the views of the Society of Friends. For the same reason a young Frenchman, who was travelling in another division of the carriage, came to their compartment ; he told them that such information about Friends as he already possessed he had given to the crowds who had been thronging them. When Stephen Grellet expressed surprise at the eagerness of the people, he said, "Have you not seen the newspapers?" These contained an extract from the *Madrid Gazette* with a copy of the orders sent by

the king to the governors of provinces, public authorities, and people amongst whom they might travel, directing that courtesy should be shown them, and free entrance allowed to every institution.

Prisons and poorhouses were visited, and a lunatic asylum, where the treatment of the patients was likely to make them tenfold worse. Sometimes the misery and depravity they saw were almost more than they could bear. "We did not find in any place anything that could administer a drop of consolation to our afflicted spirits, except the thought that our representations to the king may be a means of diminishing this mass of human woe. Curiosity could never induce me to visit such places." Two days later, after a suffering night and high fever, Stephen Grellet, although unable to go on to Barcelona, received callers. One of these, an aged and eminent lawyer, who had some time earlier been convinced of the errors of the Romish Church, had written boldly to the Pope, archbishop, and king, representing to the latter, that under his name some of his best subjects were cruelly persecuted, others put to death, and multitudes shut up in noisome prisons. The prime minister would have had him put to death, but the judge succeeded in saving his life by stating that he was mad; and for six months he was shut up in one of the filthy cells or cages, the mere sight of which had overpowered Stephen Grellet. On the change of the government he was released. He spoke of the blessed privilege of waiting on the Lord, and obtaining access to His holy presence, and of how, as "a poor solitary one," this

had been very graciously vouchsafed to him when shut up in a lunatic asylum and treated as a madman.

On the rough road along the Mediterranean coast, Stephen Grellet again became very ill, and endured much physical distress ; yet he writes :—

“ The presence of the Lord, and the sensible feeling of my dear Redeemer’s love, so comforted my soul, that I could understand how Paul and Silas, whilst in the prison-house, with their feet in the stocks, and their bodies lacerated by stripes, could nevertheless sing praises to God. My soul did magnify the Lord my Saviour, Who has been with me in Spain, according to His word, as He has been with me, the poorest of His servants, in all other nations where He has sent me.”

At Barcelona a call was received from Don Felix Torres Amat, Bishop of Barcelona, a remarkable man, who desired unrestricted liberty of conscience. He had translated the Scriptures from the Vulgate, and printed them with the sanction of the Pope. He told Stephen Grellet, that two days earlier, when walking in the public promenade, between the governor and the chief magistrate, he had suddenly said to them, “ What do you think the people will say if they see me walk between the two Quakers shortly expected here, as I now am with you ? ” They confessed they could not tell ; so he replied, “ They will say that the strong walls of intolerance and superstition are falling down.”

On leaving the Peninsula the travellers spent two or three weeks in France. Of a Sunday spent at Bordeaux Stephen Grellet writes :—

“ Dear Allen and I sat together, as we usually do, to wait

silently on the Lord. . . His Divine presence and the contriting influence of His love were felt by us in an uncommon degree ; on bended knees I was constrained to ascribe thanksgiving and praise to Him. . . I continued for a long time under the contriting sense of the Lord's love and power, attended with the lifting up of my soul to Him."

Whilst thus engaged he was seized with violent ague, followed by high fever. A meeting had been appointed for that evening, and seats had been taken in the diligence, which started at 10 p.m. for Paris. Casting his care upon the Lord, Stephen Grellet remained in bed until the hour of the meeting, in which he was strengthened to proclaim the Gospel of life and salvation through Jesus Christ. "The Lord's baptizing power," he writes, "was over us, and He enabled us to feel together the quickening influence of His Spirit. I have just returned to my inn with a heart overflowing with gratitude and praise."

Before crossing the Atlantic for the last time, Stephen Grellet spent several weeks in England, Scotland, and Ireland. In Connaught we find him having very quiet and solemn meetings amongst Roman Catholics, in one of which all present were in tears. Again, in the dales of Yorkshire and Westmorland, he finds "a tender people living in much of Christian simplicity." In the meetings he had amongst them the power of the Lord was remarkably felt.

World-wide as were his sympathies, he yet had an intense concern for the welfare of his own Society, that, built on the foundation of the prophets and apostles, "Christ Jesus, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever," those who had "known the blessed truth, might

keep under the power of it, watching unto prayer against every device and stratagem of the enemy."

He thankfully observed many of the young people reading the memoirs and works of the early Friends, and comparing them with the Holy Scriptures. As he went from place to place preaching Christ "in all his Divine attributes, what He has done by the atoning sacrifice, and what through His grace and good Spirit He will do in and for those who are obedient to His influence,"—he met with those who could bear a living testimony to the all-sufficiency of Divine grace. His heart was deeply touched when attending London Yearly Meeting for the last time in 1834, at the parting from friends who were very dear to him in the Lord. . . . "I have a lively hope," he writes, "that though we may never see one another again in mutability, yet our spirits being united by that blessed bond of truth which is indissoluble, we may be permitted, through the Divine mercy and love, to be joined together before the throne of God and the Lamb to celebrate His praise for ever." In a letter to William Allen, written on board the "Pocahontas," he says:—

"O what a blessed hope is set before us, wonderful to contemplate, to be called the sons of God! a hope set before all those who are led by His Holy Spirit. . . . O that all my movements, in my feeble attempts especially to serve the dear Master, in the work of the Gospel, or the service of the Church, may be under this Divine influence."

A year or two later, in a letter to his friend Lydia Hargreaves, he says:—

"We are very far separated from our English friends, but with

many of them we are permitted to maintain very sweet fellowship of spirit. This (at times I rejoice in the hope) is only a foretaste of that blessed fellowship subsisting between purified spirits through the endless ages of eternity."

When writing in 1841 to George Stacey, he remarks :—

"There is an Almighty Controller of events in whom we may safely trust; . . . and as to gloomy prospects, can anything transpiring in our day be compared to the period when Herod, Pilate, and the Jews conspired against the Lord Jesus Christ? When all His disciples fled and forsook Him: when He was crucified, dead, and buried; when the whole creation proclaimed the awfulness of the occasion; darkness, earthquake, rending the rocks, united with the mourning of the women? Nevertheless this was the very period when the foundation was laid, when the highway was opened through the blood of the Cross, for the redemption and salvation of guilty world, even of *me*."

During the next few years some Yearly Meetings were visited. In reference to a school report from the Quarterly Meetings of Indiana, which stated that they had amongst them 6,429 children, he writes, "O! what a field in these young plantations for labourers!" It is pleasant to learn that there was something peculiarly bright and searching in his ministry in his own meeting of Burlington.

In the spring of 1847, in his seventy-fourth year, he went to Philadelphia to attend the Yearly Meeting, but was compelled by illness to return, and for the remaining seven years of his life was unable to leave home for a single night. Frequent paroxysms of acute pain were most patiently borne, and

his mind and spirit were as fresh as ever. An extensive correspondence with his friends was maintained. When the state of his health at all allowed, neither inclement weather nor severe pain deterred him from joining in public worship ; and it is said that his Gospel ministry, exercised for nearly sixty years, deepened and brightened to the end. The sorrows of others almost made him forget his own ailments, as he went from house to house amongst the Friends of the meeting, with loving sympathy giving the word of counsel or cheer. Whilst as the close of life drew near his peace flowed as a river ; yet "clothed with humility, the nearer he approached to the source of infinite purity, the more deeply he seemed to be prostrated in self-abasedness." But the new song of praise which for long years had again and again been on his lip—albeit they often willingly tasted of his Saviour's cup of suffering in something of sacred and most blessed fellowship—was not silent now. One day, having spent much time in quiet retirement of spirit, he said that it was not suffering which had been keeping him silent, and that under the solemn feelings vouchsafed to him, his heart had been filled with a wonderful song of praise. On the last two days of his earthly life the pain ceased, and the peace which shone on his countenance indicated his communion with his God. He died on the 16th of November, 1855, in his eighty-second year. 1773 — 1855

The following remarks of a living author and earnest worker, may form a fitting close to this simple

record of the history of one whose apostolic life is a wonderful testimony to the power and blessedness of the indwelling Spirit as a practical reality :—

“The Lord lays it much on my heart to pray for a revival of the knowledge and experience of what the Holy Spirit is meant by our God to be to us. It is incomprehensible that there should be so much earnest working at times, with so little clear recognition—not of the need of His work, that is acknowledged—but of His deep personal indwelling and guidance, as the secret of strength. But we will pray and believe that God will revive His people. May He give your Society grace to bear their testimony to this central truth, an indwelling Spirit, revealing the indwelling Christ and His power.”

APPENDIX.

THE EFFECTS OF WAR.

THE extended travels of Stephen Grellet in Europe, in the early part of the present century, gave him many opportunities for observing the disastrous effects of war on the communities which were exposed to it.

He was in France in 1808, and when at Bordeaux made the following entry in his Journal: "I have of late been greatly depressed on account of the condition of this nation; the almost uninterrupted wars in which it has been involved for some years past, together with the oppressive system of the conscription, have brought obvious desolation and distress over the face of the country. In many places comparatively few men, besides those in public offices, are to be seen, except those maimed by the war, or the aged, so that females have to perform, out of doors, a great part of the laborious work that generally devolves upon men. My heart is also often made sad in beholding the bands of young conscripts marching towards the army now preparing to invade Spain.

"Here, in Bordeaux, is a large number of handsome young men from Poland, of the first families of that nation, training for the new war. I have been with some of these young people, who appear to have

received a religious, guarded education. How must their parents' hearts bleed to have then now thus circumstanced!"

In 1812, near Stilton, in England, Stephen Grellet visited a body of about 6,000 French prisoners of war; some of whom had been prisoners for nine years, and many had been brought up tenderly, even in affluence, having been conscripts that were forcibly taken from their homes; "bands of whom," he says "I saw in France, fifty or more chained together, dragged as sheep to the slaughter."

When in France the following year, at a time when an active conscription was going on to replace the army lost in Russia, he saw still more of its horrors. "My heart," he says, "has often been sorely rent when hearing the bitter lamentation of parents parting with their last son, some stating that five or more of their children had perished in the wars, and now their last hope, in their advancing years, was taken away from them. I was much affected also when meeting on the road companies of poor youths, thirty to sixty fastened two and two to a long chain, and marched off to the army; these being such as had manifested some reluctance in going there. How numerous are the distresses caused by war! The catalogue of sin, immorality, cruelty, bloodshed, and misery, that is entailed by it, is beyond description."

The allusion to sin and immorality in the sentence just quoted is further enforced by a subsequent remark, that the few soldiers who had escaped being slain, and *had returned home*, brought with them abundance of

vice, which like subtle poison was diffused from them to those around them.

At Elberfeld, in Germany, in 1814, his Journal says: "Through this part of the country many of the French troops passed on their retreat; desolation and destruction marked their steps, and as they were closely followed by the other armies, what had escaped the first destroyers fell a prey to the others; wanton acts of destruction have been committed; furniture and other articles which they could not carry away were broken to pieces. But these have been their minor sufferings. The inhabitants were under the necessity to send their wives and daughters away to conceal them from the soldiers, and in various instances, because they refused to disclose the places of their refuge, they were sorely beaten, wounded, or even killed. It is also very lamentable that they received no better treatment from many who professed to be their friends than they did from the French, who treated them as enemies. Who that has seen the horrors of war, its accompanying cruelties and vices, can plead for it? Or who that has only heard of the wickedness and misery that attends it, but must bitterly deplore it?"

Stephen Grellet knew from his own observation somewhat of the corrupting character of military life. For when yet a minor, soon after the breaking out of the French Revolution, he had joined the emigrant army who fought to restore the old regime. To this he refers in touching language when in the neighbourhood of Frankfort, in 1814. "Very solemn," he

says, "have been my feelings on the way, attended with reverent gratitude to the Lord, who has called me from darkness to light, and from the service of the prince of darkness to that of His glorious and blessed gospel. Twenty-three years ago, I passed through these parts as a military character, in the same spirit that actuates those I am now among, who have been the means by which torrents of human blood have mixed with the waters of the Rhine. It is true that by the Lord's tender mercy I was preserved from the shedding of blood, but nevertheless, I abhor myself in the remembrance of the spirit by which I was then animated. O that I might be an instrument of inducing many now to come and range themselves under the standard of the Prince of Peace! May it not be in good measure for such a kind of service that the Lord has sent me into these nations at this time? Day by day I have opportunities, at the inns particularly, to be with many officers, when the way is often made for me to preach Christ to them, and to unfold the nature of His kingdom, and the peaceableness of it. Though I have been thus very frequently engaged, I have once only met with an opposing spirit. It was at Frankfort, from the military governor, saying what he would do if Friends were sent to him as soldiers, and should refuse to fight."

The body of troops to which Stephen Grellet belonged during the short period he remained in the army was at first 16,000 strong, but was so recruited from time to time that they lost about *50,000 men in that bloody war, and there was but*

a handful of them left at last. Such was the religious insensibility manifested by many of these soldiers, that whilst their advanced posts were so near those of the French Revolutionists that, though they could not see one another because of the darkness of the night, they could distinguish the sound of their voices, and therefore spoke to one another only in a whisper, yet even then they were so intent on card-playing that they did it by aid of glow-worms. These they held in one hand, and the cards in the other, now and then laying them aside to fire upon the enemy in the direction of their voices, whilst they were fired at in return. Though now and then some were killed, yet others would readily take their places and continue the game! Well might he exclaim, "O, the cruelty, the depravity, and the wickedness that war brings with it! It baffles all description."

J. W.

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1. The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions and activities. It emphasizes that this is crucial for ensuring transparency and accountability in the organization's operations.

2. The second part of the document outlines the various methods and tools used to collect and analyze data. It highlights the need for a systematic approach to data collection and the importance of using reliable sources of information.

3. The third part of the document describes the process of identifying and addressing potential risks and challenges. It stresses the importance of proactive risk management and the need to develop effective strategies to mitigate potential threats.

4. The fourth part of the document discusses the role of communication and collaboration in achieving the organization's goals. It emphasizes the importance of clear communication and the need for all team members to work together effectively.

5. The fifth part of the document provides a summary of the key findings and conclusions of the study. It reiterates the importance of maintaining accurate records and the need for a systematic approach to data collection and analysis.



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